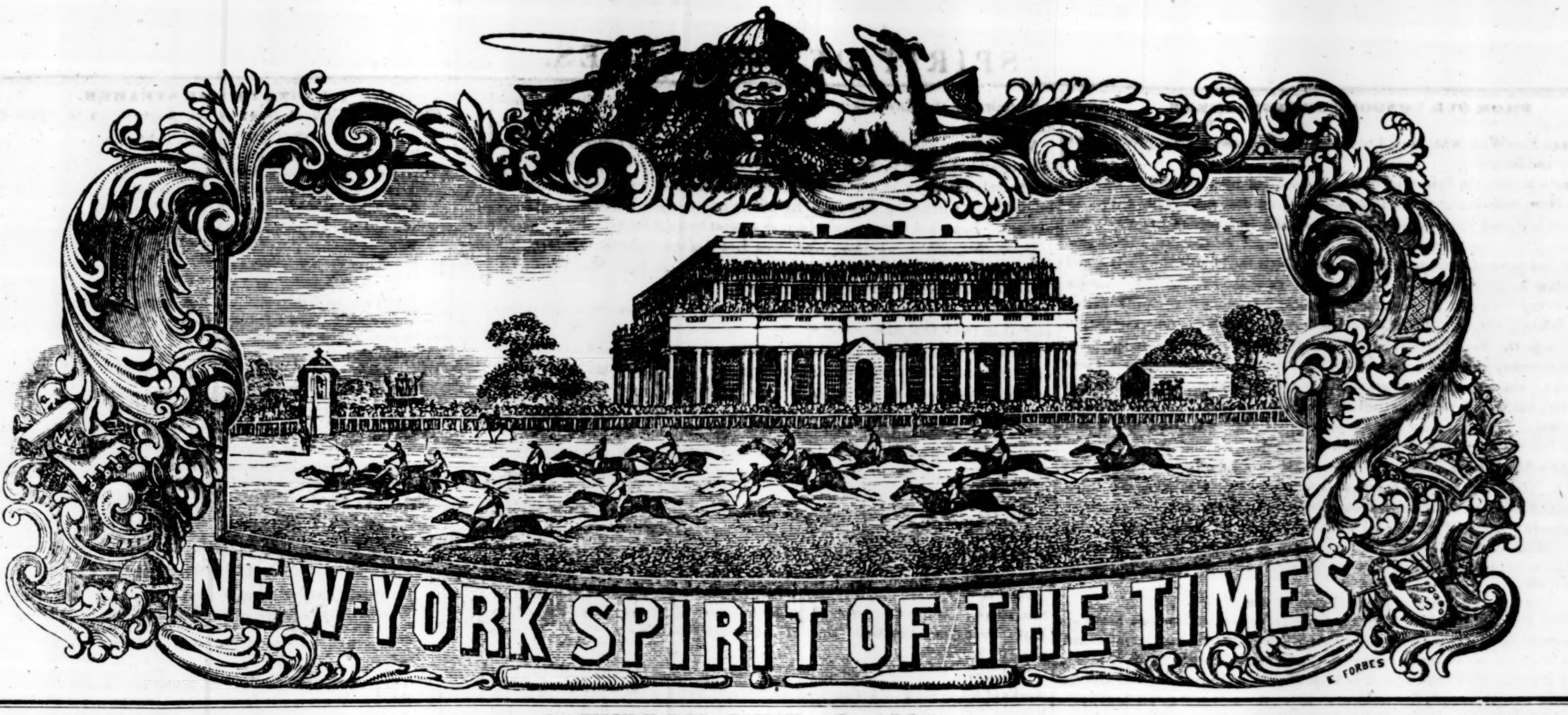

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. Nº 18.

DUEL AT WASHINGTON.

DEAR SIR— Washington City, June 14, 1836.

A fight "came off" this morning precisely at 7 o'clock, between Messrs BYNUM and JENNIFER (M. C's.) Six shots were exchanged without *damage* on either side. They were both *good fellows*, and the result has been most gratifying to their numerous friends. The matter was honorably and amicably adjusted after the 6th fire Sevier, of Arkansas, and Pickens, of S. Carolina, officiated as seconds—the first for Bynum, and the 2d for Jennifer.

Post Boy has won unfading laurels, by beating *Ironette* and other *stars* in so short a period after his race with *Bascomb*. His beating *Mingo* is another splendid triumph. Mingo was not right at Trenton—at New York he could have laid Post Boy to the wall.—[Doubtful.]

As to *Bill Austin's* being better than Bascomb, it is "all in my eye." Will Col. CROWELL bet $50,000 that Bill can beat John, 4 mile heats? If he will, I shall then believe it. Hammond says *Bolivia* could beat either until she was hurt.

It is said GARRISON offers to run *Cippus* against *Post Boy* for 10 or $20,000. The way Post Boy can run round him in 4 miles, is no body's business.

Truly Yours, N.

FROM OUR VIRGINIA CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR SIR—In a note which you have appended to a letter from a correspondent you give the time of *Clara Howard's* 2 mile race and add, she carried "heavier weights" (than *Captain* who made a second heat in 3:44, (Clara's time), over the National course this spring.) Are you not in error in relation to the weights? Captain carried weight for a 5 year old, and if I mistake not, Clara run as a 4 year old. The weights at the National and Union course, for a 5 year old, differ 4 pounds, the latter being the heaviest. Three pounds being allowed for mares and geldings would have made Clara carry 111 pounds provided she ran as a five year old, while Captain carried 110*.

You ought not to frighten your "*country friends*," with the cry of "*mad dog*." We are all in a *sputter* in these parts (Virginia) to find out whether the Alderman was bitten by Col. Webb's tail-less *dog* or Maj. Bennett's tailful *cat*. This is important, for upon it depends the question, whether the *dog* or *cat* law is to be enforced. The old women all declare against the dog and swear they never knew but one cat to go mad and she was tied by the tail with her head swinging down and remained so 7 days and nights, without food or water. As to the dog—came he into the world tailless? or has it been cut off, *druv* in, or pulled out? if the latter the thing will show for itself.

Col. Webb deserves thanks for preventing *Wood* from coming it *rough bark* over the fair Mrs. Conduit. These "*furreigniers*" are so much spoiled by the good citizens of these United States, that it is not to be wondered at that they get occasionally a *huckleberry* above themselves.

I should judge from the "signs of the times," that henceforth Wood's "cake is all dough," with the New Yorkers. He has made a *pile* out of them and can laugh in his sleeve now. His trying to come *Duff Green* over Col. Webb is sorter farcical. The Col. ought to set his *mad dog* on him. Yours, N.

*We were under the impression that Captain carried weight for a 4 year old, and should not have alluded to it but for our correspondent's (when shall we hear from him again?) remark that Captain's performance had "no parallel in the annals of the Am. Turf." He won a single heat, (the 2d,) out of four in 3:44, the 1st being run in 3:55, the 3d in 3:51, and 4th in 4:07, while Clara Howard's time was 3:44,—3:44—3:50.

In the list of the stock of LEWIS BERKLEY, Esq. of Va. No. 8. was recently reported as dead, It should have been No. 23.

ALDIE, VIRGINIA, June 4th, 1836.

DEAR SIR—In my letter to you, from Washington of the 21st ult, over the signature of "W," a sentence should read thus, "Mr. Flintoff has gone over for him (*Glencoe*) and will bring three *mares*," &c.

Three cheers for *Bascomb* and the South. Well, it was a pretty contest, and although it has resulted contrary to my expectations, I am more than pleased with it. *Post Boy* has less *foot* than I had anticipated—7:49 and 7:51½ are not to be sneezed at. Willis is 2 *seconds* in a *match*, and in *some large crowds* he is 15 *honest count*. If *Mingo* goes for the four mile day, there will be as good time as Bascomb made or I am mistaken. *Ironette* may not be able to back the extra pounds, but if she could go with 111, there would be no telling how the *thing* would be.

Old *Bertrand* may be justly proud of his son *John*. He has placed himself on the very top pinnacle of the "niche of fame," although he made his last race under disagvantageous circumstances. ALLEN J. DAVIE, Esq. the worthy editor of the "Turf Register," and Mr. M. L. HAMMOND (Bascomb's trainer) differ from most turfmen on this subject. They think travelling an advantage to a horse.

I wish *Trifle* could take four years off her head. The way the South would be at a loss how to go between her and Bascomb would be "sorter" perplexing. She was so game and had so much foot, and up to her going off the turf had so *many links* that had not been let out, that Old Virginia would have died on her—7.49, was her favorite time—as for instance:—

October 31st, Union Course, Long Island. *Trifle*, 111 lbs, 4 mile heats—beat Alice Grey, Black Maria and Priam in two heats. Time, 7:49—7:56.

(Next year) October 23d, Central Course, Baltimore. *Trifle*, 115 lbs, Mile heats, beat Shark, Charles Kemble, Robin Hood and Blue Streak in two heats. Time, 7:58—7:49.

October 31st of the same year, Timonium Course, Baltimore. *Trifle*, 115lbs, 4 mile heats, beat Hanslap in two heats. Time, 7:49—7:54.

Truly Yours, N.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Joe Swyler*" is received. If the writer will refer to this paper of May 21, he will see that the error alluded to has been corrected, though copied verbatim from the Mobile papers. If *Joe Swyler* is the *well bred* Leviathan colt we take him for, he would blush were we to publish a certain letter in our possession written in his name. The term "*scrub*" used by the writer, is rather applicable to himself than *any horse* in Maj. Kenan's stable.

We are obliged to T. S. D. of Nashville for an account of the illumination and general joy in that city upon the receipt of the news of Gen. Houston's victory.

We shall be highly gratified if W. E. B. will fulfil his offer. A pen like his cannot be used too freely, and we confidently anticipate great fun from its exercise in our behalf.

DRAGOON CAMPAIGNS.—The author of this interesting volume, was one of those young men enlisted in this city, for the expedition of Gen. Leavenworth, west of the Mississippi, in the Dragoon Regiment under Col. Dodge. He gives animated sketches of the country traversed, and familiar details of those objects and scenes, likely to interest an intelligent young man, "seeking the bubble reputation at the cannnon's mouth." Tired of the dull monotony of a camp life on the praries, Mr. Hildreth retired from the service, and is now engaged in pursuits, that, if not more honorable, are much more calculated to advance him in the great ends of life. His book is very creditable to his years, and just at this time, when so many spirited young men are turning their attention to a soldier's life on the Southern borders, will be read with increased interest.

THE CUT DIRECT.—'How'd do, Grimes? I'm glad to see you; hav'nt seen you for a month.'

'I'm glad of it, and hope you wont for a month to come.'

APPETITE is a relish bestowed upon the poorer classes, that they may like what they eat—while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they may eat what they like.

The following is the concluding remarks of an article in a late number of Fraser's Magazine, on the plays of J. Sheridan Knowles:

"Let Mr. Knowles be content with the station he has undoubtedly obtained—that of being our best comic dramatic poet. The tragic one is forthcoming, though not revealed as yet."

Lady Ada Augusta King (Byron's "sole daughter") has a young son, who, in right of his grandfather, (by Lady Byron's side,) will be Noel Wentworth, Baron Wentworth.

"I am glad, sir," said a lady to Dr. Johnson, that you have omitted all improper words from your dictionary." I hope I have, madam," answered the surly sage, "but I see you have been looking for them."

A young lady while walking with a gentleman, stumbled, and when her companion, to prevent her fall, grasped her hand somewhat tightly, "Oh, sir!" she simpered "if it comes to *that* you must ask my papa!"

Americans in Mexico.—It is computed that there are 20,000 Americans doing business in Mexico.

Steam Marriages.—It may be important to state that the proposed Preston and Glasgow Railway is to pass through Gretna Green. It will be easily possible to travel from London to the forge matrimonial and back again to London on the same day, and what is perhaps of still greater consequence in an elopement, the rail road trains cannot *overtake* each other, so that pursuit will be vain.

Lord CHESTERFIELD is still most seriously indisposed from the pummelling he received a few nights ago from a footman, who, it is said, gave the noble Earl more than one or two floorers on the occassion. His Lordship will no doubt in future be a little more cautious in giving the first blow.

A MAN OF ILL LUCK.—We are very sorry to have to report a most extraordinary run of ill luck against Old CROCKFORD, who has had his bank broken six times within the last ten days, at a loss of forty-eight thousand pounds. CROCKY must endeavour to pull them up upon the ensuing Derby.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, May 22, 1836.

Little more than what I previously communicated has transpired relative to the "love passages" (as Varney, the Knave, says in "Kenilworth") between Lord Viscount Melbourne and Caroline Grace Norton. There are plenty of rumours, however, and one of these is sufficiently startling—to wit, that Mr. Norton has accepted a compromise, *for money*, with the noble Premier. If *this* be true, Mr. Norton deserves the budding honors which adorn his brow.

Lord Melbourne, since the discovery found its way into the public prints, has confined himself to his house. It is curious that no two papers agree as to the cause of his detention. One says he has the gout—another that he has the quinsey—a third that he has a severe cold—a fourth that he is "much *indisposed*." No wonder.

H. B. and other caricaturists have lithographed the subject. One print represents the late eclipse. Lord Melbourne is the sun, greatly obscured by the passage of the moon (Mrs. Norton) over his face—another has him in a dancing school, practicing his steps, while Mrs. Norton plays the piano, and approvingly looks at his lordship's activity. The motto, allusive to the fair and frail lady's second name, is "*Grace* was in all his steps."

The idea of this affair having been stirred up by Lord Lyndhurst and the Duke of Cumberland is excellent. Eighteen months ago, Lord Lyndhurst (then Lord Chancellor) was actually served with a notice of action, in a like "affair of gallantry," and it took £10,000 to get him out of it, without the expense of trial. The Duke of Cumberland—to say nothing of his amours with the Countess of Berkeley and Lady Graves (the latter's husband committed suicide when he found himself dishonored)—has rather an unenviable notoriety as the alleged father, by his own sister the Princess Sophia, of the notorious Captain Garth.

The King and Queen are at Windsor, very secluded. The King came up on Wednesday, to hold a levee, which was indifferently attended.

Last Monday evening the Duchess of Kent gave her second Concert at Kensington palace. The *elite* of the nobility were present—chiefly the *Liberal* section. The chief performers were Madame Malibran, Madame Grisi, and Signors Tamburini, Rubini, Lablache and Ivanoff.

Your countrywoman, the Marchioness of Wellesley—who, by the way, does *not* live with her husband, at which I am not surprised—has gone to Paris to consult Dr. Hahnmann, the homæpathist, upon the state of her health. She was accompanied by Miss Caton, her sister, who has been an invalid for some time, and, I suppose, wishes to be renovated previous to her marriage with Lord Suffield. The Marquis of Wellesley, who is an actogenarean, remains in London, "prurient but passionless," as Faliero said of the Venetian Noblesse.

The present is a famous time for young princes: young ladies, ready and willing to be married, are as plenty as blackberries. Here's a few data:—not counting the old maids and widows, the young marriageable princesses of Europe are, England 1: Austria 4: Prussia 1: Bavaria 7: Saxony 1: Wirtemberg 4: in the Germanic Confederation 26: in Russia 2: Sweden 1: France 3:—total 50.

This month is flush in royal birth days. That of the Princess Victoria will be kept on tomorrow (May 23,) of Prince George of Cambridge on the 27th, and of the King, on the 28th. An extensive naval and military promotion will distinguish the King's birth day.

The Blacksmith, at Gretna Green, has commenced the season well. One of his first May jobs was the marriage of Mr. H. Skelton, a Leeds Cotton spinner, with a damsel of 18—sweet 18—a Miss Smithson Barstowe, with 40,000 golden charms. But the greatest attraction in the annals of Gretna is the marriage, on May 7, of the Prince of Capua to Miss Smith. Early on that morn, a travelling carriage, with four smoking post horses, dashed up to the Bush Inn, Carlisle. The door opened, and out sprang a gentleman, dressed as a livery servant. A gentleman and lady remained in the carriage.

"And both were young—and one was beautiful,"

as poor Byron saith. The gentleman had a *distingue* air, was neatly but not foppishly dressed, and sported exquisite *moustaches*:—the lady wore a plain lilac lutestring, and a simple cottage bonnet. They did not alight, and when they found that Gretna was only one stage from Carlisle, they mutually smiled, as if glad that the long journey was near its close. The motto on the pannel of the carriage was carefully rubbed out. The carriage itself was of foreign manufacture, and bound, underneath, with ropes, in case of an accident from the breakage of a spring. The happy pair were married, at Gretna, by Linton, immediately returned homeward, passed thro Carlisle, and slept at Penrith. Here their gentleman-attendant quitted them, for Glasgow. They have since arrived in London. It is curious that these parties should actually be married thrice: once at Madrid, once at Paris, once at Gretna. The King of Naples puts his veto upon the match, because, say the prattlers, he wishes to make the younger Miss Smith his own wife! How the matter will end, time only can tell, for *I* cannot!

The Duke of York's creditors have petitioned the King, Royal Family, Parliament, and Army and Navy for subscriptions to defray the huge balance due to them. Is it not disgraceful that William the Fourth who succeeded to the immense hoards (said to be from 2 to 3 millions sterling) of George IV. will not pay the creditors of him, who, had he lived, would have rightfully inherited that immense wealth.

The Fullers, of the Sporting Gallery, Rathbone-place, London, announce a new work which will excite some interest in the Sporting world. It is a monthly issue of Portraits of celebrated thorough-bred Stallions—such of them as have been alike distinguished by the superiority of their public running, the excellence of their blood, and the success of their produce; each portrait being accompanied by the pedigree and performances of the horse represented, with a list of their winnings up to the close of the year 1835. To be engraved from paintings by Mr. Herring. The following Portraits are now ready, and will follow in succession: Whisker, Blacklock, Catton, Camel, Partisan, Sultan, Comus, Zinganee, Velocipede, and by others of a like celebrity. The Portraits will be in folio imperial, plain and colored.

The Fullers have also published an interesting series of PORTRAITS of the WINNERS of the GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES at Doncaster, and the DERBY STAKES at Epsom, from the year 1815 to the present.

An awful *mill* came off, at *Fourshire-stone* (central to the counties of Oxford, Warwick, Worcester and Gloucester,) on Tuesday. The combatants were Owen Swift of London and Hammer Lane of Birmingham. The match was for 50*l* a side. After 104 rounds, fought in two hours and 3 minutes, Lane was the victor. He conquered by sheer strength and *bottom*—because Swift is the better pugilist.

I lately mentioned an enormous leap which I had seen a horse take. A friend, who was out the other day with the Cheshire hounds, tells me that he saw a gentleman of the Artillery corps, (and who rides 12 stone) clear 28 feet over a 25 feet wide running brook, and this after an hour's hard running without a check! This beats Bannagher, and Bannagher beats the world!

[We are compelled to omit the remainder of this letter until our next.]

We have on our table a pile of books, most of which are from the prolific press of the Harpers. We give the titles.

Devereux, by E. L. BULWER, in 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 345. Harper & Brothers, Cliff-street, New York.

This volume is the sixth of the series of Bulwers works which are in the course of publication by this house. The two engravings, illustrative of the present volume, are in better taste and better executed than those of the previous ones. Otherwise, it is entirely uniform with them, and we have often enough before borne testimony to the exceeding elegance of the edition. The price is astonishingly low—only 50 cents a volume.

Thoughts on the Religious State of the Country; with reasons for preferring Episcopacy, by the Rev. CALVIN COLTON, in 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 208. Harper & Brothers.

This work is rather out of our line, to be sure; yet were we induced by the pleasing recollection of a former work, by the same author, to dip into it. The result is, that we have gone through the first chapter of 70 odd pages, and when it is considered that this has been done by a Sporting Editor, and that he purposes to go through with the book, we think it may fairly be inferred that the learned divine has handled his dialectics with some adroiteness.

Tales of the Woods and Fields, by the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 278. Harper & Brothers.

As we have not read the book itself, we will make amends by stating one curious fact attending its publication. The book was stereotyped, printed and bound, in just *thirty-six* hours; and though well printed on beautiful paper, the price is only 50 cents.

The Doctor, &c., two vols. in one, 12mo. pp. 460. Harper & Brothers.

The authorship of this work is attributed to Robert Southey, the Laureate and Doctor. We shall say nothing of it before giving it a perusal, which we shall do forthwith.

Canal and Rail Road Map of the STATE *of* NEW-YORK This is another of DISTURNELL's beautiful pocket Maps, fullly equal to his preceding ones. Every traveller should possess himself of one, and some of our cits might give a little more accuracy to their knowledge of the localities of Chenango Canals and Black River Rail Roads, by running their eyes over it.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

London, May 15, 1835.

My dear P.—With what shall I commence? Suppose that we give the *pas* to royalty and beauty.

It turns out that the Prince of Capua has not yet been married to Miss P. Smith. Now, considering that a three months' trial does not usually ensure an increase of love, and considering that the beautiful Irishwoman has given that trial to the Prince—and considering that they are not yet married, I think that Penelope has made a bad hit—she might have been the wife of the Prince and sister-in-law to the King of the Two Sicilies, (and she *has* the more humble office of being "maid of all work" to the Prince). Like the troops of Hannibal she has fallen at Capua. The Prince has, I grant you, made an unsuccessful application to the Ecclesiastical Court to grant a license for the marriage; but the Sicilian envoy protested against it, and the Prince let the matter drop. There is only one chance, that, as they are certainly *not* in London, they have gone to the Scottish blacksmith to get married on the other side of the Tweed. But this is very much a matter more of *hope* than probability. If Miss Smith ever becomes Princess of Capua, she has luck at her side.

Madame Malibran is seducing all the world to Drury Lane Theatre. As *Amina* in "La Sonnambula," she drew *immense* houses; and, while the public were in their flush of enthusiasm about her, out she comes in a new character, in Beethoven's opera of *Fidelio*—a work which has no equal in the musical drama. Mozart's *Don Giovanni* is the nearest to it, but it has this fault—it *amuses the mind*, but does not *agitate the feelings*. In every part of Europe we have seen Don Juan

"Sent to Heaven before his time;"

—we have seen him the hero of opera, farce, play, pantomime—but his playwrights make us laugh, not weep. The scene where the old man is murdered, and that where the statue comes to sup with Juan, *might* be rendered effective; (*is* it?) but the rest of Mozart's piece is very stupid. and say what you will, an opera must have something like incident in its scenes or it will go off heavily.—But, in *Fidelio*, what a world of tenderness is there? The incidents deeply excite and sustain the interest, and the character of *Leonora*—so charmingly womanly, although the lady does wear the breeches—is exquisite and *true*.—How devoted is the affection—how strong-hearted the heroism of this fine creature? At least, the tears and sobs of the audience shew that there is *truth* in this character—for, not even the admirable acting of Malibran could make a permanent impression if the part she delineated were an unnatural one.

The music of *Fidelio*—touching, pathetic, and highly passionate—was done ample justice to by Malibran. Her *Leonora* was exquisite—it seemed as if she felt the thrilling passion of the scene; and the result was that the audience were affected, as if they had witnessed the fearfully true representation of *Richard* or *Lear* by Kean, (mind, I mean the *elder* of that name—*the* Kean), and, despite of themselves, were carried away by the emotions of the scene. Throughout the last act, when incident follows incident—fearfully as to the man isolated on a rock in the ocean, wave follows wave, to drown him—there prevailed the most intens silence, only interrupted by a suppressed sob—a gasp—an irrepressible expression of deep emotion. Then, at last, when *Leonora*, after having saved her husband's life—by a courage and energy which are indeed only met with among the gentler sex when the occasion which dulls the mind and paralyses the energies of *man* demands the exercise of their strength of purpose and beautiful felicity of execution—when exhausted by her exertions, sank on the ground weak and fainting, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. Many ladies, forgetful of the place and company, wept audibly—many sobbed—and a few sat, with the effort at calmness, while the tears coursed each other down their cheeks. It was the triumph of Art—no, no! it was the triumph of Nature, exhibited in the mirror of Art! Templeton (a Scotchman and a fine singer) acted and sang up to Malibran. Her *acting* will improve him, because Malibran is quite as good an actress as a vocalist. Miss Forde, Mr. Seguin, and Guibilei did justice to the parts of *Marcelline, Rocco, and Pizarro*. Malibran was called for at the end of the piece, and on being led forward by Templeton, the audience rose and greeted her so very warmly, that, accustomed as she is to public applause, she actually seemed surprized at and overcome by this expression of it.

Are you fond of a bit of scandal? If *you* are not, surely "the Girls Up-Town" (have they left off writing to you?) will not object to some! Well, then, I hinted—pretty plainly—a few weeks ago, that a screw was loose in the domestic arrangements of Mr. Norton, husband to the Poetess—to my taste a far lovelier woman than any middle-eyed Countess. It turns out, as usual, that my information was correct. The parties have separated, and the *beau monde* have made a nine day's wonder of the fact. But *here* the matter couldn't rest. The husband was jealous:—had he cause? Time will shew—in a court of law; for the general *on dit* is, that the honorable Mr. Norton, one of the police magistrates for the city of Westminster, &c., has commenced an action for damages against the Right Honorable William, Viscount Melbourne, his Majesty's Prime Minister. "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

Norton, it is said, has had every inducement held out to him to compromise the matter. His reply is said to be—"It can only be settled in a Court of Justice: for I think the paramour of my wife is *not* worthy of an exchange of shots with me in the field." So, the trial is to come, and the Premier of England will be a defendant in a crim. con. case!

It was a reproach against Mr. Pitt, I am told, that he was "too cold"—insensible to womanly fascinations. Lord Melbourne, it seems, has gone into the other extreme. It is curious that his own wife, (Byron's Lady Caroline Lamb), was a woman of indifferent fame. But Mrs. Norton! I would hope, for the sake of one so gifted in person and mind, that this story were untrue: I fear it will be hoping in vain, for the story has got abroad, and in such strong terms and on such unquestionable authority, that *we must* believe it.

Mr. Norton has engaged Sir William Follet and Sergeant Wilde as his counsel in the *crim. con.* case: damages are laid £30,000, ($150,000), and the writ was served upon Lord Melbourne on Monday. His Lordship's counsel is Dr. Lushington. The whole correspondence has turned up, including letters from Prince Leopold, Lord Mulgrave, and others. Mr. Norton submitted his case to his brother, Lord Grantley, who consulted Lord Wynford, (an Ex-Judge), and the Duke of Cumberland, upon the matter. Lord M. is said, on the discovery of the adultery, to have offered Norton *any* office he pleased under the Government. A high judicial appointment in the Colonies (Mrs. Norton remaining in London?) was specifically named; but the injured husband would not compromise his honor. The caricaturists have brought out some excellent satires on Lord Melbourne and Mrs. Norton. His Lordship is said to be confined to his bed:—no doubt he is—*indisposed!*

The reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, is expected at Kensington Palace this day, on a visit to his relative the Duchess of Kent. His Serene Highness (does his *Serenity* ever get ruffled into ill temper?) brings with him his two sons, the hereditary Prince and Prince Albert. The royal party also visit Paris and Brussels.

The Duke of Devonshire has commenced the "season" in magnificent style. He gave his second Grand Ball, at Devonshire House, on Friday night. The Prince of Orange and his sons—the especial guests—were pressnt. About 500 fashionable and noble persons were present. The line of carriages extended nearly half a mile! All the doorways of Devonshire House were lighted at the architraves with wax candles. Weippert's band were in attendance, and an *extempore* conservatory of rare beauty was raised opposite the orchestra on the north side. The plants were brought from the Duke's sub-urbanvilla, (Chiswick), and his palatial seat, Chatsworth and Derbyshire. The company included—exclusive of the Prince of Orange and his suite—the Princes Leiningen and Czartoriski; all the foreign ministers and their ladies; Dukes and Duchesses of Buccleugh, Sutherland, Leinster, and Beaufort: Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry and Clanrickade: Earls and Countesses of Wilton, Cadogan, and Darlington, and a horde of Barons, Right Honorables and untitled folks.—The supper was announced at half-past one, and included—besides forced fruits of all sorts and qualities—a copious supply imported for the occasion from France, Portugal and Spain.

Knowles has returned from Chester, and is performing as a star at the Garrick Theatre. He opened on Monday night, as Lord Wilford, in his own play of the *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*. He was well received, but had a most awful cold which marred his performance.

Sinclair is at the Haymarket. He is quite knocked-up—he has lived too fast and too hard.

Macready has gone from Drury Lane to Covent Garden Theatre. On Monday night he appeared in *Macbeth*, and his *fracas* with Bunn drew a great house. At the end of the play he was called for, and said he deeply regretted having been led, by Bunn's irritating conduct, to have been guilty of the impropriety of beating him. Bunn has commenced an action against him for the assault.

Bond, the gambler, who, last year, was lessee of the Adelphi Theatre, has been defendant in a case of gross assault. He took a part from Mr. Young (in *Luke Somerton*) and when calmly remonstrated with, struck him. There was a verdict of £50 against Bond. The costs (he must pay all on both sides) will more than treble that sum.

Mr. L'Herie has appeared, at the French Theatre, in two Vaudevilles by himself. He is a valuable addition to the company. In "La Sonnette de Nuit," he plays the parts of a poet, a grisette, an opera-singer, and an old old concierge.

Madame Caradori Allen, since her concert, of which I made some mention in my last, has been confined to her bed by a ver severe attack of influenza; or rather a malignant species of that complaint now exceedingly prevalent in London.

The Duke of Sutherland purchased, some time ago, the pictures by Murillo and Velasques, in the possession of Marshal Soult, picked up in the Peninsula when the French were there, and not standing upon trifles as to the mode of "Appropriation." The pictures are so valuable, that the Lords of the Treasury granted special permission that they should be landed without examination at the Custom Honse. When they reached Stafford House, (the town residence of the Duke) the examination was made. The duty is high—being on the *ad valorem* value of the article.

The Royal Exhibition, opened on May 2, and it would be hard if out of 1154 works of art, some were not good. I shall briefly indicate the "gems," of the exhibition. Send, if you will, a critic of your own, to find fault with the rest! Wilkie has three very fine pictures: *Pope Pius* VII, *refusing to sign the Concordat, presented to him by Napoleon*; and his *Peep-o-day Boy's Cabin*, in the west of Ireland; and *Wellington writing to Louis* XVIII, *on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo*. All are historical works, and all are finely conceived and executed. Mr. Vernon of Pall Mall, has given one thousand guineas for the *Peep-o-day Boy*. It represents one of the Irish insurrectionists (mendriven to break the law, because the law goes to break their hearts) just returned from a midnight excursion, and lying on the mud-floor of his cabin, asleep, with the hand of his infant in his and his wife watching him. Another female is whispering bad news to her; perhaps that the military are coming to capture him; and she kneels by his side, seemingly revolving his chances and mode of escape, and resolved not to awake him a second before it is necessary.

McClise has two fine pictures, *Macbeth's visit to the Witches* (Macready's *Macbeth*,) and an *Interview between Cromwell and Charles*. The portrait of Old Noll is a fine, bold likeness.

Westall's *Pizarro* is somewhat like Wilkie's Spanish Pictures—it is *not* mannered.

Stanfield has a large painting, for the United Service Club, of the *Battle of Trafalgar*. When the King saw it, he said it was the finest and truest thing he had ever seen, and added, "I hope this is for *me*." This may be considered as provocative of the picture as a gift, or that his Majesty will commisston Stanfield to paint him a copy of it. The latter is more likely.

Allan's *Whittington and his Cat*, is a homely and pleasant picture—it is a curious subject, made much of.

Edwin Landseer has some half dozen pictures—some of them are beautiful portraits, and the best is a cattle piece (Death of a wild Bull in Chillingham Park) in which he introduces a portrait of Lord Ossulton.

Etty has a fine *Psyche, Cupid and Venus*—Hart has a scene between Sir Thomas More and his father—Leslie and Hilton have each only one picture. Calcott's *Dutch Peasants returning from Market* has already been purchased, (by Mr. Vernon) for 500 guineas: Mr. Cartwright has purchased Calcott's *Murano, the old Port of Venice*, and *Trent in the Tyrol*, each for 500 guineas, and Knight's *The Wreckers*, for 300 guineas. Turner has some magnificent Landscapes. Roberts' *Chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella at Granada* is richly toned and finely drawn, and Herbert's *Captives detained for a Ransom by Condottieri* are worth notice. But, having named all the above, I have named the gems of the Exhibition. In fact, of the 1154 pictures &c., about one thousand are not *very* great performances. The sculpture is but indifferent.

A curious occurrence took place here last Saturday night. McClise, the artist, painted (gratis) a portrait of Sir John Soane, at the request of the Committee of the Literary Fund, to be hung up in their council chamber. It was so hung, but, after a time, Sir John grew fretful about it, being persuaded that McClise had *caricatured* because he had *not flattered* him. Sir John wished the picture to be removed, offering to replace it by a copy of his portrait by Sir T. Lawrence. McClise consented that the removal should take place, but wished (as he has *given* his labor and time) that the painting should revert to *him*. To this Sir John demurred, averring that it should be given up to him that he might destroy it, and threatened, if it was not given up, he would withdraw his patronage from the Literary Fund. This the Committtee kicked at—but, on Saturday evening, W. Jerdan, editor of the *Literary Gazette* entered the Council chamber, pulled out his knife, and cut the portrait into shreds. He went home and wrote a note, acknowledging that he had "destroyed the bone of contention." This matter will come before a court of justice.

Crockford is said to have lost £48,000 at his own "hell," in St. James' street, last week. Some lucky players broke the bank four times. They have a system.

Grisi took her benefit on Thursday. The Queen was present, and the house was full. *I Puritani* was the opera.

Grisi and Malibran will sing together a grand scene from Mercandante's *Andronico*, at Signor de Beriot's concert, on June 9. It will be the first time of their singing together in public this season.

Lord William Paget, Lord Edward Thynne, Leigh Hunt, and some twenty other people who "outran the constable" have been proclaimed outlaws, in the sheriff's court!

A new expedition for discovering the North West Passage has been decided on. Government pay the piper, and—at the King's suggestion—Captain Back will have the command.

Thalberg a pianist superior to Henry Herz and M. Ole-Bull (a Norwegian) who plays as well as Paganini, made their *debuts* this week among us.

The Duke of Bedford, on Monday, won (by raffle) Haydon's picture of *Zenophon*. The sum of 840*l*. was thus raised. Tickets were held by the King, Queen, Princess Victoria, Duchess of Kent, Lord Mulgrave, Duke of Sutherland, Lord Durham, Lord F. Egerton, Sir F. Burdett and others.

Leitch Ritchie has a romance ready called "The Magician," and Henry Taylor, author of "Philip Van Artevelde" announces a work "The Statesman."

Poor Law Fructification.—Whether the Travelling Schoolmaster has made knowledge so cheap that it may be had at the rate of midshipman's half-pay, (three farthings per annum, paid quarterly,) we are not able to say, but it would seem that the new Poor Laws require some such fructification of intellect, without however a corresponding appetency for corporal food. In the town of Cambridge the board of guardians has advertised for married men to be masters of the work-houses; each is required to "write a good hand, and be able to keep accounts with the greatest accuracy; and the matron (his wife) must be able to instruct the children in the house, and superintend the domestic concerns therein." For doing which these Mr. and Mrs. *Caleb Quotems* are to have the enormous and scandalous allowance of £12 per annum, which is about 4s. 7d. per week!—this too in a town which is the seat of University! "Satisfactory testimonials and *sureties* will be required of each master;" so we should suppose; the trust is immense, and the responsibility, as measured by the remuneration, quite overwhelming.

London Age.

Poor Law Tipsy Temperance.—One of the rules sent by the Poor Law Commissioners into the parish of St. Pancras enjoins that "no malt nor any spirituous liquors shhll be allowed to the paupers;" and then goes on to order that "if any pauper gets *tipsy* he shall be considered refractory." We would rather consider him an uncommon clever fellow; to get drunk without "malt or spiritous liquors" shows a *gin-ius* that ought to be *aled* with applause rather than censure. We suppose that no pauper will be allowed to get *tipsey* unless he can give a satisfactory answer to the question—"*tips he?*"

A SONG OF THE STEAMER.

Addressed to Captain Dunn, of the Augusta, on the Ohio River.

BY HENRY J. FINN, COMEDIAN.

Before I go on shore with my portmanteau,
I'll pay a debt of duty, which I can't owe;
A vote of thanks you surely would not shnn,
And when the motion's seconded, friend Dunn.

We like thee Captain, Dunn, as who does not—
Why do we like thee, Captain, and for what?
It can't be for thy name, as I for one
Object to any man whose name is Dun.

Had I my will, thou shouldst command a steamer,
That should be, in Kentucky talk—A SCREAMER!
A ra'al HORSE of full one thousand ton,
And for the color—I'd prefer a DUN.

Of foolscap paper I could use a ream up,
In telling how we'd get the gin-oo-ine steam up.
I'll bet the odds 'gainst all the boats that run,
Name but a Captain and I'll then say "DONE"

That thou'rt a soldier, needs not much enquiring,
As you, it seems, keep up a constant FIRING,
And you can take a SHUTE without a GUN,
And CUT off without AXING, Captain Dunn.

I grieve to think thou hast so oft the PILES,
Of wood I mean; because they lengthen miles.
When on the river's BANKS you have a RUN,
No wonder you are always STOPPING, Dunn.

If General Jackson 'mongst his other vetoes,
Would bar the introduction of Moschettoes
Between your banks—it would be better fun
To put them in the pet-banks, Captain Dunn.

Your kindness, care, attention, caution, skill,
The republic should repay—they must—they will.
But I must end my rhymes, where I begun,
As my song's o'r, because the subject's DONE.

May fortune's stream, with thee be never low,
Nor bends, shoals, bars, snags, planters, sawyers, know,
Till a SNUG HARBOR thou hast fairly won
For thee and thine—so farewell Captain Dunn.

Louisville Journal.

CABINET OF LIVING CURIOSITIES.

All our readers must be aware that, for some time back, one of the most extraordinary and curious "Cabinets" ever collected by any connoisseur in monstrosities has been exhibiting to public view at St. Stephen's. The Surrey or Regent's Park can furnish nothing half so marvellous in zoology; and to us the Siamese twins itself is not a wonder more unaccountable in nature, than are many of the mongrel specimens here seen.

We do not profess to give a description of all the "beasts, reptiles, and odd fishes" to be there seen, but only of a few of the most remarkable for their debasement; and, to make it the nearer to truth, we will give it in the showman's own delectable phraseology:—

"Valk up, valk up, Laders *and* Gemmen, and you *sall* see vot you sall see; you sall see *the* most vonderfullest hannimals vot vere ever exhibited *in* this *or* any other parts. You see that ere big swaggering baste vid *the* broad potato face *and* hyæna grin, that is the

GREAT KERRY BEAR

He is the most rapaceousest *of* warmint, and has a mouth ready *to* grab at all hours. You zee, Laders *and* Gemmen, he has got a great *pouch* like the pelican, *vich* he is perpetually filling; but, some *how* or other, it never seems fuller nor now. He has, like *the* lion, a poor little divil *of* a *Lambe* as a jackall, to run before him *and* make out the game; ven he does his business vell the jacky comes in *for* his leavings, but ven he does not, crikey! how he roars, *and* little jacky, how he *does* tremble in his skin. This bear, Laders *and* Gemmen, is werry fond *of* church-yards, vere he preys upon skulls and cross-bones *vid* much satisfaction *and* delight. You *may* zee, Laders and Gemmen, *the* little feller close at his heels, *and* crouching under his 'tail,' that ere is his jackall. The old 'un answers *to* the name of 'Dan,' the jack is christened *by* the rum uns, 'Mol-Byrne.'—You see that wee creatur sneaking up like a feller vot *vos* heartily ashamed *on* the figure he cuts, that ere is

THE BEDFORD GREY RAT.

He is an active chap *for* his veight, and made lately a most hexcellent run out of South Devon *with* all the country *at* his heels, hooting *and* hallooing, and vos at last caught stuck in *a* little hole in Stroud, vence he *was* brought up ere to make a show *of* himself, *vich* he does to the admiration of his employers *and* the amusement of the country. Ven any danger approaches the Kerry Bear, this divil sits up a squall, *and* gives him time to be off. He calls him 'Jack-oh!'—My eye! Laders *and* Gemmen, look ere, isn't 'im a queer un? that *is* vot we term

THE LIMERICK CAMELION.

He changes his color *from* green to orange, from orange *to* white, *and* from white to blue, and so on *to* all the colors *in* the rainbow. You never know what shade he really is; *and* as to catch him *to* examine him, vy he slips through your fingers *like* fun. He *was* hunted out of Limerick, *and* found skulking about Cambridge. He answers *to* the name of 'Tommy Spring.'—That ere asinine-countenanced hanimal *is* THE CARLISLE DONKEY.

He was sent over Hireland *to* get broken in, *but* he has so hard a mouth, *and* is so werry sulky, *besides* being touched *in* the wind, that they could make no use *of* him there; so he has come here to kick *and* bray venever the Kerry Dear gives *the* order. He *is* called "Bosthoon O'Morphy.'—That *ere* cove in the fine feathere is s rare bird, *and* a *foreign* creature; it is

THE PALMERSTON GOOSE.

It gabbles in *a* most funny manner, *and* is the most stupid *of* living things. There is not the least danger of his saving any *capital*, in imitation *of* his Roman namesake; for he *has* cost the nation more than his whole dainty body *and* soul would produce uuder the hammer *of* Robins. He is called 'Cupid.'

THE GANDER,

Vot hacks as companion *and* feller to the Goose, *is* that ere enlightened looking bird *like* an owl ven he *is* taking his morning's doze. We call him "*The* Glenelg Gander.'"

We must here cut short the thread of Mr. Showman's discourse, our excuse being want of space. We may perchance take it up again on a future day.

London Age.

POLICE COURT.

Lingering Notes from Dixon's Grand Concert.—The musical world will be excessively grieved to learn, that *George Washington Dixon*, the "American Melodist" was brought up yesterday afternoon, upon a charge of forging an order for the proceeds of the "Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert," given at the Temple, on the evening of May 30th. Mr Dixon was to have half the receipts, paying therefrom the expences of the Hall; and Mr Freidheim, the leader of the Orchestra, was to have the other half, paying therefrom the string and wind instruments. It appeared however, that Mr Thomas Barrett, printer, had his eye on Dixon's share, for certain back-debts, in the steam press line, and took out a trustee writ.—To evade the operation of that process, Mr Dixon sold out his interest on the spot to Freidheim; but the transfer was not effected in that bona-fide shape, which was necessary to save it, and by common consent of all three of the parties—plaintiff, purchaser, and seller—the entire receipts were left in the hands of the box-keeper, William C Martin. There it would have remained till this day, if the "American melodist" had not felt a pressing call for the needful, and in an evil hour forged an order of "J. Friedheim," for the money, and called in company with Mr. Barrett, upon Mr. Martin with it.

Neither Mr. Barrett, nor Mr. Martin, had the least suspicion of the genuineness of the order, and the balance of $23 25 cts. was at once paid over. The "Melodist" admitted that he did the deed, but thought it was only a kind of trick, that a jury, if he had a good counsel to defend him, would take no notice of."—His Honor therefore gave him an opportunity to try his luck before a jury, by ordering him to find bonds in the sum of $300, in default of which Veteran Reed walked him off to Leverett-street jail.

Boston Morning Post.

Married.—On the 28th inst., at Tottenham Church, Mr. Joseph Blunt, to Isabella, daughter of John Stephenson. Esq., of Tottenham-terrace.

This Joe—a no uncommon thing—
A wife with change did hunt!
For Issy he "forked out a ring"
For him she "forked the *Blunt*."

It has been remarked that Mister Gully is not half so fast a goer on horseback now as he was before he turned super-sanctimonious. This is accounted for by a turf wit, who says, "that Jack, in order to be *consistent*, as the tabernacle phrase goes, has turned his nag, as well as himself, into a *canter*."

Why is the lowest part of the front leg of Lady B.'s poodle the most likely to make a slip from propriety?—Because it is sure to make a *fore paw* (*faux pas*). N.B The fellow who made this ought to be whipped up and down Park-lane to slow military music.

Maurish, hearing the other day that the common designation given by the Mussulmans to the Grand Seignor was Padishaw, swore "he knew that the Grand Turk would turn out to be of Irish descent—divil a doubt (says the boy) bud he's a discindint of ould Paddy Shaw, who wint away at the time of the 'rection."

A voluminous correspondence relating to the affairs of Don Carlos was lately seized at Bordeaux, purporting to be a case of cigars. This is easily accounted for—the Douanerie *smoked* the *case*.

A FARCE OF FOUR YEARS AGO.

INTRODUCTION.

[The author of the following dramatic sketch records, to prevent perplexity to posterity, the circumstances in which it originated. It was dreamed in Drury lane theatre the other night. The author was languidly watching the progress of the *Corsair*, and wondering why somebody did not dramatize the story of Miss Penelope Smyth and her captive Prince, when all of a sudden, the plot of a petite comedie, as now sketched out, presented itself to his mind, as a thing which might have taken its rise on the very spot where he was sitting. He repeats that he dreamed a drama. So vivid was the impression it made, that he has been able to present the scenes with tolerable accuracy, as they dictated themselves to his imagination.]

Act I. Scene I.—Drury Lane Theatre.

A lovely creature, whose beauty is more earthly than etherial, and whose name is—what *was* the name? Oh, never mind; let us borrow one from our old friend "Pamela"—she has never been upon the stage!—whose name then is Pamela—is discovered with a party in the dress boxes. Amoroso is seen in the second row. A desperate encounter of eyes between the pair who have now met for the first time, immediately commences. An incessant fire is kept up during the whole evening, to the utter neglect of the serious drama called a comedy, which is undergoing the ordeal of performance. At the end of it Pamela departs in a handsome carriage. Amoroso who had followed, stands on the steps of the portico. Pamela kisses her taper hand. Amoroso plunges into a street cab, dashes after the handsome carriage, and discovers the residence of the enchantress.

Scene II.—Time: Following Day.

Amoroso is discovered driving repeatedly past No. — Princes street. At length he is blest with a sight of Pamela; but his assiduity has no better result than that. The next day he is more fortunate. His stanhope having passed thrice, the door opens, and out creeps a cautious tiger with a letter, which he is to deliver, if possible, invisibly. Amoroso retires, and reads letter:—

"It would be in vain to deny that I feel a curiosity to know *who you are*.—Your manner has given me a right to ask.

"I write in a disguised hand—but you will be able to read the following direction;—Miss Pamela ———, No. —, Princes street, Hanover square."

To this Amoroso replies, intimating that his means are *limited*, but that his love is *unlimited*, and asserting the superiority of drafts on Cupid over drafts on Coutts. An answer is immediately vouchsafed.

"If you are indeed in earnest, you will readily believe me when I say, that it is quite impossible for me to express so forcibly as I could wish, the *sincere appreciation* of that affection which I *lament* I have inspired you with. Indeed, I *regret most deeply* that our accidental meeting should have so disturbed your mind, and plunged you into a melancholy which your countenance tells me is foreign to your natural disposition.

"You will soon recover your spirits—but to do so, it is absolutely necessary that you should cease to love me—nay, even to *think* of me. It would be an ungrateful return for your affection, so ardently expressed, were I to encourage the *faintest* hope of a *nearer* intimacy between us.

"Even under present circumstances I cannot but feel truly sorry at being the cause of anxiety and agitation to you, and it is the sense I entertain of the compliment you have paid me, which urges me again to implore—that you will forget me; and to wish you all the happiness that can be realized in this world of tears and trials.

"It would be in vain to confess whether I am attached to another or not. This however I may own, that the gentleman who was with me has afforded some *trial* of his love, in an attachmennt of *seven long years!*

"Your acquaintance I shall be most happy in making—but if introduced to me, need I say that the subject on which I have addressed you must never be alluded to—not even to me. Adieu!

"I entreat you to be cautious—for my sake."

Amoroso writes again—in terms which every man arrived at years of discretion can dictate for himself.—Another reply.

"I had hoped that the candor of my former letter had convinced you of the futility of your further pursuit of that which cannot be yours. It was my anxious endeavor to relieve you from your anxious suspense at once; and I can only now intreat you not to prolong the correspondence, which will but create deeper distress on both sides, without affording the least chance of a happy issue to either. It may be gratifying at the moment to persist, but it will end in bitterness.

"I still respect your feelings too much to wound or even slight them. Permit me then, once more, to assure you of my esteem and gratitude, in return for the ardent sentiments with which it has been my perverse fortune to inspire you.

P———."

Conscious that every comedy must have a catastrophe, he writes again.

"What would you have me say further? More than I have already declared, I cannot say; and deeply pained should I be to be compelled to express my opinion of your perseverence in harsher terms.

"Let me assure you again that it is worse than idleness to cherish this passion for me. It is *impossible* that it can ever be requited; and this you must now be aware of. *All* that is at my disposal you have—it comes from my heart—a fervent wish for your happiness.

"*Saturday.*

"Another letter has just reached me—it must not tempt me to a further expression of sympathy—lest, in the creation of delusive hopes, you should suffer by the very kindness that was intended for your relief.

"Forget me! Adieu!

"Do not imagine that my rejection of your attentions arises from the probability of a union with *the gentleman* alluded to—I must assure you that *he* is not the impediment. But why do I thus prolong a painful snbject? Accept my best wishes!—all I can prudently give."

Amoroso now, recurring to the first meeting, feeling the fervid glances he had interchanged, recollecting that one unfortunate lover had been senteneed to a trial of love, which, like the trial of Warren Hastings, lasted for seven years—and above all, calling to mind that his own unlimited love had been encouraged until he intimated the limits of his fortune, begins to see clearly enough into the character of his beautiful *inamorata*. He therefore writes again, to confess the whole truth, that he had practised a pardonable imposition; that, wishing to be loved for himself alone, he had concealed the real state of his circumstances, which were in reality more than sufficient to meet his utmost wishes, and that cut to the heart by her unkindness, he is about to seek a change of scene by visiting Paris, (whither he had previously intended repairing.)

Finale to the first Act—"*He loves and he rides awny.*"

(Between the 1st and 2d Acts an interval of three months is suupposed to elapse.)

Act II.—Scene I.—The Opera.

Amoroso and Pamela are discovered on opposite sides of the theatre. The gentleman observes the lady, and to show that curiosity is not confined to women, feels desirous of ascertaining the effect of his last letter, announcing the real state of his finances. To know his reception, he throws himself in the way of the beautiful, and endeavors to look the Sublime. The effect is grand. Pamela turns as pale as pearl powder. A deep shadow of scorn settles on Amoroso's brow. He sees that his purse had procured for him an agitation that his passion could not command. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Time—nine o'clock following morning.

Amoroso is discovered in bed. Man-servant brings in letter. The direction proclaims the writer, although this letter, like the first, is in a disguised hand.—Amoroso reads:—

"Little did I dream, on going to the Opera, of passing so dreadful an evening!

"How bitter are the thoughts which your appearance has conjured up! How humiliating is the reflection in which they all centre!

"I could not mistake your expression—so different to that which gave radiance to your glances, when our eyes first met! How can I endure the change! But that is an idle exclamation.

"I should rather ask, *how have I deserved it?*

"Imagine not that *frowns* become you—your undisguised expression of scorn is unworthy of you, and unmerited by me. *Farewell!*

"However agitating, at whatever cost to myself, I intended to have ventured a word of address to you—judge what must be my feelings, when I sunk chilled by your look!—that look which was once turned upon me with impassioned fondness!

"My consolation is, that I can *forgive*—your letters will not allow me to forget so easily. Had I not answered them, my affectionate kindness would not now be met by a cold and scornful frown.

"I never declined your acquaintance—or denied an introduction—I repeat I *should have spoken*—but for that look!

"Your *inviolable* love has soon changed. But though deprived of your affection, I can yet bid you——Farewell! *for ever!*

"Direct—No. —, Upper Brook street."

Amoroso, having indulged in a delicious laugh over the "direction" which follows "farewell for ever," replies immediately in suitable terms of disdain, and as he settles himself for the completion of his morning slumbers, the—

Curtain Drops. London Court Journal for April.

Bears, it is said are very common in Poland. They are caught young, and *turned* to domestic purposes. If a stranger enters a Polish kitchen he sees a bear gravely seated on his hind legs, and turning with his fore paws an immense spit, by means of a handle. We recommend this to our friend Ellice—he would make an excellent *turnspit*—he is already a beautiful *bear*, and stands a *roasting* with commendable patience and for-*bear*-ance. A nice figure he'd cut in Melbourne's kitchen, cooking *Lamb.*

CELEBRATION OF SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH DAY.

Several papers before us, received per the late arrivals, are filled with the proceedings had at the celebration of Shakspeare's Birth-day, at Stratford. We have room but for the brief analysis annexed.

The ever-memorable TWENTY-THIRD OF APRIL, derives not more importance in court circles from its princely banquets in honor of the tutelar saint of England, than it does among the literati of the day, or the genuine lover of poetry and the drama, from its celebration, with true intellectual delight, as the birth day of a Poet, whose fame is imperishable.

On Saturday last, the town of Stratford presented one of those gay and erlivening scenes common upon the celebration of some national Festival. The morn was ushered in by a delightful peal from the bells of its Collegiate Church, and the standard of England, hoisted at the Town Hall, gaily floated in the breeze. The arrival of visitors commenced with the earliest dawn of day, and the principal hotels were crowded by

——————— a grateful band,
Hastening to their poet's native land,
With rights of sportive revelry,
To celebrate his Jubilee."

About eleven o'clock the Committee of the Shakspearean Club assembled at the Falcon Inn; Mr. E. Ashwin in the chair. A report from the Committee selected at the last Anniversary Meeting to obtain funds for the renovation of the chancel, and the tomb of Shakspeare, was made through Dr. Conolly, the much respected chairman of that body. It was as follows:—

"*Report of the Committee appointed in* 1835 *for the preservation of the Tomb of Shakspeare and the renovation of the Chancel, made to the Committee of the Royal Shakspearean Club, April 23d,* 1836.

"Immediately after the annual festival in 1835, the Committee caused the circular letter, then determined upon, to be distributed as freely throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, as was practicable.

Local Committees were formed in several towns, to co-operate with the Committee at Stratford. Subscription lists were deposited with various bankers in London and in the country, and a book for the inscription of names was placed on the Chancel of Stratford Church. With the obliging assistance of W. Harding, Esq. and Capt. Crawford, R. N., circulars have been forwarded to the presidencies of Bombay and Madras; and also to China. Washington Irving and Geo. Jones, Esqrs. have been requested to organize Committees in the United States of America.

The Earl Delawarr, and other noblemen and gentlemen connected with the county of Warwick by property and otherwise, readily vouchsafed their patronage to the design of the committee; and a considerabla number of subscriptions were soon received; which have been recorded in a book intended to be preserved in the Archives of the Shakspearean Club.

The whole amount of subscriptions already known to be received, including his Majesty's gracious donation of £50, is about £700.—Nearly all the members of the Royal Family, many of the Nobility, and not a few of the most distinguished Authors of the present æra, are among the contributors; and from several of these, very interesting communications have been transmitted to the Secretary, expressive of the warmest approbation of the objects of the Committee.

The Oration, which, as a literary production, is deserving of the highest encomiums, was delivered at the Theatre, at twelve o'clock, by GEORGE JONES, Esq.' the American Tragedian.

The Theatre was very tastefully and appropriately fitted for the occasion. The pillars of the stage were entwined with branches of laurel, and from the centre was suspended the National Standard of America, which Mr. Jones had that morning presented to the Shakspearean Club; in front on either side, waved the Red Cross of Britain—the banner of victory and peace. The stage was also fitted up with seats for the members of the two committees and the most distinguished visitors.

Mr. JONES concluded his oration (which occupied upwards of an hour and a half in delivery,) with the following apostrophe—"Long may the patron saint—'thrice renowned St. George,'—upon this his day of festival, protect the memory of Shakspeare's fame. And if, as some believe, the manes of the departed watch and hover over the living—how must thy spirit, O! Shakspeare! rebound through its 'airy regions,' as the voice of nations is lifted to thee in love and admiration! May the tribute of this assembly, uttered through the humble efforts of the Pilgrim from the New World, be received as emanating from the heart, in adoration to thy *Genius;* for the praise that is offered to thee, O! Shakspeare! is but gratitude to a mightier power—and rising from the inmost soul, it ascends on the voice of thanksgiving, to the throne of that God, who ordained thee to receive THE VENERATION OF THE UNIVERSE."

The loud applause of the audience testified most proudly how gratified and delighted they were with the oration which Mr. Jones had just concluded. It was no small gratification also to know that his Majesty had graciously allowed Mr. Jones the honour of his patronage, and added to that honour his especial permission of permiting the oration to be dedicated to him. It was a high tribute paid by the Monarch of the land, to the brilliant genius of the Immortal Poet, and a heartfelt glow of gratitude was given to the King by the venerators of the Bard. It will never be forgotten, and the memory of William the Fourth (like that of his illustrious predecessor) will ever be blended with that of Shakspeare.

PRESENTATION OF THE MEDAL.

Dr. CONOLLY then came forward amidst loud applause, and spoke as follows:—Mr. Jones, the Committee of the Royal Shakspearean Club, have deputed me, and I feel much gratified and honored by being so deputed, to convey to you a small tribute of their regard and admiration. They have had many opportunities of observing the zeal by which you are animated in the cause of every thing connected with the memory of that great Poet, to do honour to whom has ever been the chief object of the Shakspearean Club. The occasions on which you have evinced this zeal, have been so numerous as to render it difficult to select any single instance for especial record; but it is only justice to you to mention that they have been especially gratified by the opportunities afforded to them, a few months ago, of witnessing the sincerest and best proof of your devotion to Shakpeare, in your masterly delineation of some of the finest characters drawn by his immortal pen. That the first oration delivered at these anniversaries should have been pronounced by a citizen of the Untted States of America, is a circumstance which the club feel to be deeply interesting. The flag of America, beneath which that beautiful oration has been delivered, is that of a nation which has sent innumerable pilgrims to the shrine of our great English Poet; and we see in their visits to Stratford so many proofs of the growing taste and refinement of the people of the new world. Not many years ago, the people of the ancient countries of Europe, were, I fear, disposed to look with something approaching to scorn on the absence of a refined literature among the Americans; forgetting that the first efforts of a new people must be made for a mere existence. Cold and selfish must be the heart of that observer who has beheld without interest, breaking through the hard surface of society, first the tender blade, and then the firmer stalk, and lastly the flowers and fruits of literature, now so abundantly furnished throughout the free states of America.—(Great Cheering.) No longer separated from them by hostility and war, but conjoined, I trust forever, in the strictest amity, we regard their intellectual progress with none of the petty feelings of devided nations, but with the pleasure arising from the reflection that they are, like ourselves, the improving creatures of one great and good creator. I do wish that from this festival, sanctified by recollections of Shakspeare, there should be wafted across the wide Atlantic an expression of our sympathy and friendship. For yourself, Sir, I know that I am permitted to assure you, that the members of the Shakspearean Club feel the sincerest interest both in your welfare and in your happiness. They present you with this medal in the hope that it may be often looked upon by you with satisfaction in all the steps of your arduous career, and even sometimes gladden you amidst the struggles ever to be made by those whose ambition it is to climb the difficult steep that leads to the temple of Fame. And when the active years of your life are past, if you should dwell, in the evening of your days, in that remote country, which, although not that of your birth, is that of your early adoption, we trust you may sometimes contemplate with feetings of gratification this proof of the sincere esteem and friendship of the Royal Shakspearean Club of Stratford-upon-Avon. (Applause.)

Mr. JONES spoke as follows:—Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Royal Shakspearean Club; the honor you conferred upon me, in appointing me the first Orator upon the life, character, and genius of Shakspeare, seemed to cast upon me a responsibility which could only be eclipsed by the superior brilliancy of the distinction. Doubly am I proud of this distinction arising from the flattering mark of respect conferred upon me by his Majesty, in granting his ready permission to dedicate my tribute to his protection. I did not imagine that any new token of honor could emanate from the celebration of this jubilee; I, therefore, feel the poverty of language to express my feelings of pride, as I receive from your noble institution, in the presence of this assembly of intellect, grace, and beauty, this substantial token ot your courtesy. If it is possible to add an additional lustre to the honour, it is to be found in the language and delicacy with which the medal has been presented to me by the accomplished Chairman of the Monumental Committee—(cheers)—and viewing, as I do, the intrinsic value of a medal to be mere dross, yet, like the laurel leaf of the Romans, it becomes invaluable when graced and sanctioned by authority. I receive from the town of Stratford this effigy of the Prince of Poets, blended with the occasion, as the proudest gift that your generous country could bestow upon me; and I beseech you to receive the strong emotion which nearly deprives me of utterance, to emanate from the tributary fountain of a grateful heart, which, while it beats with life, will ever throb with a brother's love towards your friendship and hospitality. (Enthusiastic cheering.)

The Honorary Medal presented to Mr. Jones by the Committee is of silver, and in design and execution perfectly chaste and elegant. On the observe is a bust of Shakspeare, (a strong likeness to that on the monument of the Chancel of Stratford Church,) bearing the following inscription—"*William Shakspeare, born April 23d,* 1564, *died April 23d,* 1616;" on the reverse is a representation of the Bard seated, with his right hand upraised holding a pen, while the left rests upon a scroll, from which his attention appears to have been drawn by the entrance of Thalia and Melpomene, who are represented in the act of crowning him with a wreath of laurel. Above the group is the true and expresssive line, "We shall not look upon his like again;" on the edge of the Gold Border was the following inscription:—"*Amicitia Brittanica et Columbia sic perpetua;*" and in the exerque, the sentence, "*Shakspearean Club; Stratford-upon-Avon, Established April 23d,* 1824." The medal is from the design of T. W. Ingram, and one which does honour to the medallic genius of our nation. The medal was suspended by a rainbow coloured ribbon, and enclosed in a glass locket, fastened by a gold band, bearing the following inscription, "*Presented, as a tribute of honour, to George Jones, the American Tragedian, by the Royal Shakspearean Club of Stratford, upon the occasion of his pronouncing the first Annual Oration upon the Genius of Shakspeare, April 23d,* 1836."

Miscellanies.

THE PARLIAMENT "PET OF THE PETTICOATS."

Grantley Berkley is now to all intents and purposes the "Pet of the Petticoats" (at least of the Parliamentary petticoats) ever since he has emancipated them from the ventilator, and given them the freedom of the gallery; where, along with those best possible instructors, the "ripporthurs," they may, like *Fluellin*, make as "many briefs as they choose in their respective note-books," of the sayings and doings in St. Stephens. The ladies may now *hear* the debates—query, whether they will be content with merely *hearing?*

"Silence only is commendable
In a neat's-tongue dried and a maid not vendible;"

says the poet; and perhaps "speech may be found in the dumb bones" of the maids, wives, and widows that may congregate as auditory in the gallery of the Senate-house. If so, will the gallant House fall back upon the order, "Strangers to withdraw?" We advise that each fair visitor be sworn by Harpocrates previous to taking her place; and that they all be bidden to "hear the speech, but say thou nought." "Listeners (they say,) seldom hear good of themselves." We hope the society of what *used* to be termed the first gentlemen in Europe will reverse this axiom by their speeches. At all events we hope, under Mr. House-steward, Sawney Abercrombie, the Reformed House will not forget when "Manners" ruled the roast in St. Stephens. O'Connell stated, in the debate that ensued upon Mr. Grantley Berkeley's motion, that ladies had been introduced into the Irish House of Commons in order to keep the Members *sober*. "They used (he said) to come drunk so often, that the permission for ladies to be present was adopted as a remedy; and it succeeded, for after that no Member was known to come drunk." We hope John Wilks will pay attention to this. We shall be curious to see how this permission will be taken by the ladies. Shakspeare says, "the devil knew not what he did when he made man politic;" and we think the sapient Senators were much in the same state as his Satanic Majesty when they opened the road to turn petticoats into greater politicians than they are or ought to be. Now to quote immortal Will:—

"They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol, who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines! side factious, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking."

We believe, however, that all the ladies have but *one reason* for sitting out the tedious hours in listening to Parliamentary debates. It was first started by the Duchess, who commenced, "Good words, &c.;" and quoted from *Julius Cæsar*, Act 5, Scene 1.

MARRIED.—At St. Mary's, Donnybrook, on the 5th inst. William Cherry, Esq. of New Ross, county of Wexford, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Robert Ball, Esq. of Dublin:—

Fair Betty did right her fate to unite
With William, so blithe and so merry;
When he popp'd the offer, she quick took the proffer,
And ne'er made *two bites at a Cherry*.

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.—Married, at Cheltenham, March 20, 21, 22—Mr. Henry Brown to Miss Maria Lovesey—Mr. Henry Green to Miss Eliza Fletcher—Mr. W. Chick to Miss E. Newman.

Strange things occur in this chaly beate town—
Maria fair becomes *Maria Brown;*
Eliza, too, so blooming lately seen,
Is by a sort of magic turn'd to *Green;*
And youthful chanticleer performs a trick,
Changing a lady to a living *Chick*.
Say, what can follow such a revolution?
Young Chicks, young Greens and Browns, is the solution.

TOM MOORE'S LAST.

Lady H. and her Lord are a capital match,
As Nature e'er yet tried her tricks on;
For what is a Fox (the idea you catch)
Without having for spousy a *Vixen*.

A letter went through the Boston Post office, yesterday, bearing the f ll wing poetical direction:

"I spoke to Uncle Sam one day
About a pass to Canada;
He named his Price—to dispute were vain—
So here I go to Stanstead Plain.
Now should I live to reach that town,
And old John Bull look gruff and frown,
Four pence and half my friends engage,
Shall smooth his brow, and cool his rage,
And Miss Louisa Moore will come
And cheerfully hand o'er that sum."

The *extinguished* M. P. Liston Bulwer, complains, we understand, that his work in the *press*, 'yclept "Albanian Amours or the Biter Bit," did not meet with the treatment so *fair* a subject demanded. He says it was untimely criticized in *sheets*.

Little Molly the Glorious [Maria de Gloria, the young Queen of Portugal, recently married at 17 a second time,] has, in the ecstacy of her new matrimonial blisses, we understand, written the following to her particular friend, her Grace of St. Albans. The opening verses apply to some little *scan mag* about the Duchess of Braganza and the Marchioness of Loule, and the Court in general at Lisbon, with some inquiry relative to some of Little Molly's old friends over here, which are rather too *piquante* to appear out of a Portuguese dress. The following alludes to the Princ Ferdinand in comparison with his predecessor:

He's broader, he's better, and bigger,
And has got a most beautiful nose;
He's strait and upright in his figure,
And his lips are as red as a rose.
He's an adept in love's thrilling graces—
I now do not wish for another;
And I know, for I've proved all his paces,
He's a much better man than my t'other!

Things are now over here in such a racket,
I cannot say more very well;
When my Ministry's pack'd—by the packet,
How the honeymoon's gone off I'll tell.
For I know, my dear Duchess, your feeling
For widows re-wived you can't smother;
So expect in my next the revealing
If my new spouse work better than t'other. London Age.

THE MIDDY AND THE ADMIRAL.—We recollect a ludicrous instance of the angry effect which the mockery of naval rank had upon a warm-hearted youngster, who is at present one of our popular captains. The *Phæton* frigate, having conveyed Lord Elgin to the Mediterranean, that Ambassador went to pay his respects to the King of Naples; an occasion on which several of the ship's officers attended. Prince Leopold, then a mere youth, was attentive to the youngsters, from the circumstance of his understanding and speaking a little English, and addressing W——, asked his rank: on being informed, the prince gave a self-congratulatory smile at the disparity between them, *though their ages were on a par;* "for," said he, "I am an admiral!" "*You an admiral!*" growled the mid, his lip curling with contempt at such prostituiion of the revered title; "why, you are not fit to carry guts to a bear." United Service Journal.

☞ PURDY, of the Boston Times, wants some strapping, corn-fed, country lass to send him a great "gob of maple sugar, nicely tied up in a rag!" We wish he may be accommodated.

IMPORTANT.—The editor of a Providence paper says that Alexander Hamilton was no fool.

A FRIENDLY RECOMMENDATION.

Witless CHELESA, 'tis said, is in search of a wife,
While CASTLEREAGH, jests at his distress;
And persuaded him the best way to travel through life,
Is by all means to marry *his* mistress.

"The separation of the Nortons will, I fear, prove an unfortunate thing for the poor children," innocently remarked Mrs. George Anson to Lady Anne Becket. "The dear little *lambs* will be properly provided for I have no doubt," replied the wife of the ex-shopkeeper of Leeds.

We are requested by Mr. John Wilks to contradict the report that he has accepted the office of Chairman of the Daffy Club His reason is conclusive—"he does not like the tipple of the Daffyouians not by no means."

It is said that O'Mulgrave was thrown into a "Browne study" when the intelligence reached him, that his kinsman, the Goverment candidate Constantine Dillon, was done Browne at Mayo by M'Hale.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 18, 1836.

FACTS, SCRAPS AND ODDITIES.

Conundrums are getting to be of "no use"—glad of it, but here's one that "wont keep" this warm weather:—When is a man within himself? When he is *confined* in his bowels. If the reader likes not that, he may read this one and then "knock off and call it half a day:" When is a man beside himself? When he undertakes to write conundrums, you may say, but that isn't it, though a pretty fair hit. It is, when he is knocked into the shape of a cocked-up hat!

Two items with the caption of "*Important*" are going the rounds. One sets forth that by a law of Massachusetts "No man can marry his own grandmother." We wonder the law did not include "grandfather" also, in its provisions. The other item conveys the astounding fact that "Alexander Hamilton was no fool, after all." He was a broth of a boy, that penned this. A large lump of sugar tied up in a rag, wouldn't be too good for him.

A Cape Cod journalist states that the Chinese authorities lately ordered the U. S. ship of war Vincennes, lying off Canton, to depart and "go home," and "not loiter about and create trouble." Whang!

Dixon, the American *Buffalo* singer is in *quod* at Bosting. Old Reed will let him clear the coop, before soon, we "calculate," as His Satannic Majesty got rid of Don Giovanni.

Little Molly, the Glorious, *alias*, Maria de Gloria, the young Queen of Portugal, who has just been married a second time, at 17, is hardly become a wife before she is "after being" a widow again. Prince Ferdinand, ere yet the honeymoon was fairly over, came near sharing the fate of his predecessor, the former Lord of his loving wife. On the 6th May he was seized with *precisely similar symptoms to the other, having evidently been poisoned*. He refused the assistance of the Court physician and was attended by his own. He recovered, and and for *this time* escaped.

The best joke we have seen lately is told by the wag of the Boston Transcript, who says that the last instance of absence of mind on record occurred last Thursday night at the Quackinbog Hotel, and was attended with lamentable consequences C—— B—— Esq, one of the boarders, on retiring to rest, in a state of betweenity, put his boots to bed, and placing his neck in the jack *pulled his head off!*

The same paper states that among the papers taken by the Texans from General Cos, there were letters from no less than *five different* ladies, *all of whom he had engaged to marry*. We believe the young rascal is only sixty five years old.

The late elegant mansion of Mr. Philip Hone, adjoining the American Hotel, has been added to that establishment, together with the house No 1 Park Place, so that Milford can accommodate about as many as his "neighbour over the way." The new rooms were thrown open last Saturday evening to a select party of ladies and gentlemen. The *recherché* and superb style in which they have been fitted up was only equalled by the galaxy of beauty in attendance. We are not sure but some of the divinities presented Milford with a wreath—we are certain he received "wreathed smiles" enough to make him a happy man for the rest of his days.

A Fish Story.—The Star says that six gentlemen caught in the Salmon River, emptying in the Genessee, lately, 4000 Trout. Now three cyphers are added to the unit it will only improve the story to add two or three more—then people will believe it, we dont think.

Hon. George C. Childress, (late editor of the Nashville Republican,) Minister to the United States from Texas, and Col. J. R. Lewis, officer of the Government attached to the army of Texas, arrived in this city on Tuesday evening, and have taken lodgings at the Astor Hotel. It is a singular fact that nine editors of U. S. papers are now holding offices of great responsibility in Texas.

Mrs. Anderson, (wife of Anderson the singer, who was the cause of a greater riot than Wood, at the Park), is teaching music to the Princess Victoria. Mrs. A. is quite the rage in London. A concert she recently gave was attended by the elite of the court and the nobility. We shall not soon forget her eyes, the sparklers!—

"A bright, wild, wicked, diamond pair."

The late English news in to-day's paper will read with interest. The punctuality of our Liverpool Correspondent enables us to present the readers of the Spirit of the Times with the earliest and only complete account of the result of *The Derby* and *The Oaks* published in this country.

Gladiator, who ran 2d for the Derby was offered to E. H. Boardman, Esq. of Ala. while abroad last year, for 100 guiueas! Lord Milton bought him for 200 guineas before the race. It would take another cypher to buy him now.

Reeve has just commenced an engagement at the *Park*, where are Miss Phillips, and Balls and Abbott.

"*Mrs. Hamblin's Theatre*," as the lady terms the Richmond Hill, opened last Monday and has been well attended thus far. Mrs. Richardson is engaged there.

Rienzi still draws at the *Bowery*. Miss Modena has a new drama in hand for Hamblin. Mrs. Sharpe is to lead the business there next season.

Jemmy Twitcher is as great a "card" as ever at the *Franklin*. Dinneford intends enlarging his snug little bandbox and taking the shine out of his rivals next season.

Celeste is described by the Baltimore Transcript to have been pretty considerably struck up with the Wood row here. "Vell," said she in her *patois*—"Vell, I dont care nothing, dat de Vood be driven off, dat be right—but Cornale Vebb to call us de artiste de vagabon, dis very no right."

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, knows "a hard boy" that got "tucked up" one sunshiny day in 1833, for polly-bigamy, here or hereabouts. His great ambition was to outdo the Dey of Algiers, and it was proved on trial the scamp had *twenty-seven* wives! He is now "doing the state some service" at Sing Sing, but promises to make up for lost time when he gets out. What a "pet of the petticoats!"

Not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like a somnambulist we heard of last Thursday night in the upper part of the town. The poor fellow got up about 1 o'clock—put on his boots—stripped his shirt off, and in its place put on a pillow-case—ran down to the door and seeing a physician's horse standing on the opposite side of the street, at once mounted him and rode half way out to Burnham's crying "Here's the saucy Herald!"

We forgot to state in our last that Robinson who was tried for the murder of Helen Jewitt was acquitted. The whole affair is still shrowded in mystery. Public sentiment is very much divided as to the innocence of the accused.

Sandy's Last.—Sandy, the tonsorial Figaro of Gotham, not Seville, has given up conundrums; his Pegasus takes a higher flight. Hear his last travestie:

"Man wants but little *hair* below,
Nor wants that little *long*."

☞ We are desired to state for the information of those writers who may intend competing for the prize of $1000, offered by Miss Clifton for a new tragedy, that the MSS. will not be required to be sent in until the 1st of December next, instead of Sept. as originally proposed. Those editors who may have inserted her offer will confer an additional favor by noticing this paragraph.

The Indian Gallery.—We alluded to this exhibition last week, and have visited it twenty times since, and each time with renewed interest. It is as beautiful and entertaining an exhibition as we have ever had in our city.

Not a little ashamed of our negligence in preparing a suitable notice of striking portraits in this gallery, we would most sincerely assure all readers that they cannot spend an hour or a dollar more profitably than in taking their families to examine so novel a collection. As works of art, by our own Inman, the various heads are worthy of study, but still more so, as giving accurately the lineaments of the great historical names in the history of our aboriginal tribes. The catalogue will give the most uninformed reader a clue to the characters of the different chieftains, should he fail to derive it from proficiency in the sciences of Lavater and Spurzheim.

Some of the Baltimore editors recommend Wood the singer to knock off the nose of his silver teapot and make a spit box of it.

Niblo has opened his garden in a style of beauty and tastefulness that excels any former effort. Arrangements are in progress for a succession of attractive novelties. Mr. *Watson*, we learn will soon revive the Concerts that were so popular last season, embracing the *elite* of the vocal and instrumental talent of the day. In addition to Mrs. and Miss *Watson*, and the Messrs. Horn, it is understood that the Kendalls, from Boston, with Gambati, Croffi, Norton, Casolani, Aupick, Halma, and a host more, are engaged to give brilliancy to the intellectual enjoyment of our citizens this summer at Niblo's.

"*A Fat Sweepstakes.*" Some of our Southern contemporaries have set up a cock-a-doodle-doo about an advertisement in the last Turf Register that has almost "started our Ebenezer." It seems that Maj. Selden has got up a very brilliant sweepstakes for the spring of 1837, on the Central Course, for colts and fillies then three years old. The subscription is $300, forfeit $100, and there are *thirty eight* subscribers already. Now this is all very well and we are glad to see the old Central and its worthy proprietor getting on so prosperously, but to call this sweepstakes "unrivalled,"—"beyond precedent," and all that sort o' thing is a little too bad, and we take the liberty to disturb the equanimity of a few of our quill driving friends by refering them to the June files of this paper, 1835, wherein they will find the nominations of forty subscribers to a sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to come off on the Union Course, spring of 1838, the entrance to which is *One Thousand Dollars*, with $250 forfeit. There's $40,000 against $11,400—so my fine fellows, you must fly round and get *Ninety-six* more subscribers and then you *may* crow without ruffling a feather.

Mr. Marsh has been industriously engaged for many weeks past in fitting up Castle Garden for his "troops of friends." Several thousand dollars have been expended upon the fixtures and decorations which are quite superb. We shall probably have a balloon ascension or two directly, and such a display of fire works as never gladdened the eyes of the wise men or boys of Gotham. What with the Boat Clubs, the fine air and beautiful marine views, added to the capital punch, the fireworks, the ice creams and music, all mixed together, we hardly know where a party can enjoy an evening more pleasantly than with friend Marsh at Castle Garden.

A Modern Hero of the Old School.

There have been so few opportunities of late years, within the peaceful borders of our own country, for the display of martial prowess, that the spirit of chivalry seems to have slumbered quietly in the bosoms of those who might under other auspices, have won laurels of glory and a name in the world. The recent struggle in Texas, however, opened a new theatre whereon the panting lover of arms, and the sanguine spirit, might strike a blow for feedom, with the hope of results commensurate with the value of the glorious cause. Let Texas "sink or swim," Houston has already enrolled his name among the immortals. But while other pens more able than ours, sing his praise, we would fain be partially instrumental in extending the fame and placing the meed of valor on the head of one whose brilliant conduct has already become the admiration of a victorious army. We allude to Col. Mirabeau B. Lamar, of Georgia, who was called to the command of the cavalry by the acclamation of the soldiery, for his daring intrepidity on the day previous to the glorious field of San Jacinto. On that day he was placed on the extreme right of the Texans, and led the attack at the head of a troop of horse. What was the bearing of this gallant band, the result of the battle fully evinces. In seventeen minutes the enemy were flying, and the hot and ruthless pursuit commenced. In the official announcement of the battle by General Houston, Col. Lamar is mentioned in terms of the highest commendation, and we have learned since, that on Gen. H's leaving the army for New-Orleans, Col. L. was made Secretary of War.

Desolated, but now victorious Texas, doubtless contains within her limits many ardent men, with souls of undaunted mettle, but numerous as they may be, and heroic as they may have evinced themselves, yet she is fortunate in the possession of a soldier like Mirabeau Lamar. In his native state, this gentleman has made no inconsiderable figure as a politician, and as the realization of the beau ideal of Southern chivalry. Combining the greatest firmness and integrity of political principle with the most consummate courage and courteous bearing, he has at once enjoyed the admiration of his friends, and the respect of his opponents. Superadded to these qualities, is the rare endowment of a genius for poesy, evidenced by the numerous effusions of his ready pen, which have often graced the columns of our leading papers. A gentleman thus principled and thus gifted, as a statesman, a poet, and a warrior, is no ordinary acquisition to an infant state, just emerging from barbarism and tyranny, to take its place among the nations of the earth, as the uncompromising friend of liberty and the asylum of the oppressed.

God bless him and his cause! May he shortly realize the highest wish of his soul, the entire emancipation of his adopted country, and when peace and contentment again smile around him, in that paradise of the earth, may he resume his literary pursuits and his pen, and, as in the ardour of his youth, revel in the realms of poetry, and in the enjoyment of those blessings of liberty which he has so often depicted, and for which he has so nobly dared, and as we trust, so gloriously triumphed.

Dulci est desipere in loco, says Horatius Flaccus, which we do into English, "Men *may* sometimes make fools of themselves"—but which he of the Advocate would translate, "It is fine fun fishing in a trout stream." And, speaking of trout streams, reminds us, rather singularly of trout fishing, and what the New Bedford Murcury says of Daniel Webster. Our great statesman, says that paper, is well known as a lover of the gentle art. The clear running streams near his residence at Marshfield, as well as at other parts of the old Colony, are often visited by him during his leisure in the summer months. Occasionally he may be heard of, too, at Sandwich and Wareham, the best places for trout, perhaps, in New-England. We are informed by a gentleman formerly of Wareham, that Mr. Webster once rode from Boston to Wareham, a distance of 60 miles, and caught 96 fine trout before tea, the same day. Boston Transcript.

Mr. Webster is a favored disciple of honest old Izaak Walton, and is as well known in many sections of the country, for his use of the gun, and the rod and angle, as for his pre-eminent abilities as a statesman. Very many of our distinguished legislators and civilians, have excelled in the rural sports peculiar to this country. The Quoit Club at Richmond, has long been celebrated for the support given it by the late Chief Justice Marshall, and other leading men of the Old Dominion. Gen. Ashley, the Senator from Missouri, is unrivalled as a rifle shot, and the Hon. John Holmes, from Maine, is known in his own state as one of the best anglers that ever dropped a hook into Sebago Lake. Washington was a frequent and gallant rider to hounds when a young man, and was also fond of fishing and shooting. Cooper, the novelist, is "a dead shot" with a pistol, while Washington Irving, though excessively fond of trouting, complains of his want of patience, and consequent ill luck. Ben. Franklin could never abide angling,—"a rod with a fool at one end and a hook at the other," was his expression, on seeing a man bobbing for tom cods from a wharf spile. When a boy, however, he was an adept at wrestling, and in fact noted for being "up to all manner of sport." Connected with the turf within a few years, we find some of the most eminent men of which our country boasts—Gen. Jackson, Mr. Clay, Hon. Bailie Peyton, Hon. Mr. Porter, John Randolph, with fifty Governors, Senators, Legislators, etc., that might be named, as eminent in the exercise of their public functions, as for their enterprise and spirit in the more domestic walks of life.

We see by the papers that the French Chamber of Deputies boast the possession of the following Members:—M. *Piscatory*, M. Having, M. Enough, and Count Jaubert. The first is an *odd fish*, and we suppose the *sole* of his genius—of the three latter it may be said that when the Count commences his *jaw*, there is no fear, while the others are present, of the Chamber *Having Enough* of it.

Ackerman (the son of the first publisher of Annuals in England) has a magnificent Sporting Gallery in Regent-st., which is well worthy a visit. It contains a choice and various collection of Sporting and other prints. A series just published, is "a picturesque history of the Epsom Races," from the saddling in the Warren to the settling day at Tattersall's. It is complete in six large plates, coloured after the original paintings by James Pollard. The same artist's "Aylesbury Steeple Chase, in 1836," with portraits of the horses and riders, is coming out in 4 coloured engravings. F. C. Wisner's "Moving adventures by Flood and Field," are also nearly ready, in 4 plates, from the *burin* of Fielding.

Trot. Ten miles were trotted over the Centreville Course on Thursday last, in 32:15, by *Job Fox*, under the saddle, carrying 145 lbs. Particulars next week

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

Liverpool, May 16, 1836.

I am able, this week, in consequence of the increased and increasing interest of the races at Liverpool and York, to send you a more detailed account of the sayings and doings in the sporting world, than you have yet had, and the season promises to be equally prolific in incidents well worth "amber immortalization" in the pages of the *New-York Spirit of the Times!*

If we go on as we have commenced, this inventive age will probably hit upon some mode of doing without horses—the only inconvenience which I can foresee from this discovery, would be this—would it not involve the decease of the *Spirit of the Times!* Such a national calamity would——but I draw the veil over the chance of its realization.

If you take the trouble of comparing the state of the odds, with which I have regularly furnished you, with the actual results of races, you will find that the favorite horses have, nearly invariably, been the winners. I allude, of course to *this* season, because in by-gone times, the place of a horse on the betting list was *not* synonymous with his place in the race. The blacklegs *made*, but the turf *lost* by such jobbing. People were afraid to back a horse, lest he should become the favorite; for, when at the top of the tree, the knowing ones would hedge against him, give the word to his jockey to lose, and thus *floor* the public. All this was very scandalous; but I appeal to the experience of all sporting men, whether I am not drawing a correct picture.

This season (as I prophecied last January) the turf seem to think that by way of variety, there may be fair play; and I venture to say, that for the first time for many years, "honesty is the best policy," is adopted as the motto of the turf—Horses are now backed *according to their merits*: the Ruthvens, and Bonds, and Beardsworths, are nearly all off the turf, and gentlemen—in rank and conduct—have taken their proper and prominent places. The endeavor seems to be this—"let the best horse win, and the devil take the hindmost."

I am not such a green horn as to assert, or *you* to believe, that *all* is fair play upon the turf, but I do maintain, that among the leading sportsmen there is every disposition to have every thing fair and above board. Sometimes, I grant you, a jockey may play foul (for a heavy bribe is a great temptation, and might make a better man than a jockey consent to lose a race—to pull up instead of pushing on a horse,) but the chance is China to a China orange, that if his employers discover the trick—aye, or even suspect it, not only will he cease to employ that jockey, but other horse owners will fight shy of him. Therefore, it is the play of the jockey to be honest. If he wins, he is handsomely—sometimes enormously paid.

In fact, as jockies "retire from public life," to become *trainers*, it behoves them to be honest: no man will now trust a racer in the training of a man whose character is blown upon.

The public, placing some confidence in the honor of the gentlemen who "rule the roast" on the turf, have betted more freely now than on any former occasion. The bets, as I said before, are now upon the merits of the racers; and a pretty good idea can be had of the character of the cattle, by referring to their respective performances, during the last season, or antecedent year. Thus, as I said, the performances of the horses are, this season, generally upon a par with the places they hold on the betting lists. The results of the races up to this date, evidence the fact that *judgment* has guided the bets. It would be "a consummation devoutly to be wished," if fair play prevailed on *all* such occasions; but at Liverpool, we have had it, for a wonder!

The York Meeting was attended by more "fashionables," but the the interest was on the Liverpool running.

Liverpool Craven Meeting commenced Wednesday (May 11) under the stewardship of Lord Stanley and Mr. Blundell, a very wealthy commoner. During the previous week the weather had been very bad—cold and wet—but, on Monday, it changed for the better, and the Aintree Course (five miles miles from Liverpool) whereon the races are run got into fine condition—that is, it was neither too wet nor too dry, but "betwixt and between," as Paddy says, and pleasantly elastic.

The Course was excessively crowded by people of rank, and in all manner and no manner of vehicles. Thousands, however, got to Aintree on the oldest steed in the world, 'yclept "Shank's mare." The gamblers were ready to exercise their vocation, but if the *gulls* were ready so were the *beaks*—that is, the Liverpool police were on the ground, with orders to prevent gambling. Thus, many who would otherwise have been "cleared out" were enabled to save their cash, and go home, humming or whistling the air of "money in both pockets."

The Aintree Stakes of 15 sovs each, with 20 sovs added. One mile and a half.
Hon. E. M. Lloyd Mostyn's b. c. *Tom Shipman*, (Wm. Jones')........ 1
Sir J. Boswell's b. m. *Bella*........ 2
Mr. J. Nanney's b. c. *Bravo*........ 3
Three others started.

The Aintree Stakes did not excite much interest—the running was good. Donald took the lead at starting, followed by Tom Shipman, Bella, Bravo, Lena, and Reuben, all abreast. Soon, Tom Shipman and Bella passed Donald; then Bella took the lead and kept, by half a length, until within 50 yards of the winning post, when Tom Shipman was pushed on, and came in winning by half a neck.

The Wilton Stakes of 50 sovs each, h. ft, with 50 sovereigns added by the Proprietors of the Stand, for three year old fillies. One mile and a half. 6 subs.
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's ch. f. by Teniers........Darling 1
Lord Derby's ch. f. *Erminia*, by Langar........ 2

Teniers and Erminia were the only horses that started. Teniers took the lead at starting and kept it throughout. Erminia kept close, and the winner came in only 1½ length ahead.

LIVERPOOL TRADESMEN'S CUP.

The Tradesmen's Cup, value 100 sovs, with 100 sovs in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, 10 ft. The second horse to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes. Two miles.
Sir J. Boswell's ch. h. *General Chasse*........Holmes 1
Mr. W. R. Ramsey's blk. h. *Inheritor*........ 2
Mr. E. Peel's ch. h. *Tamworth*........ 3
Three others started; thirteen drawn.

This was *the* grand race. The Queen of Trumps had been very much backed as the probable winner here, but it was known early in the day that she would not start. The next favorites were General Chasse, Inheritor, Tamworth, Verbena, and Fob;—the three first, you will see, kept their relative betting places in the race; this confirms what I have said about *judgment* having guided the bets. Tamworth took the lead at starting; Inheritor pressed close, and passed on, followed by General Chasse, and the contest then (an exceedingly keen one) was between these two horses. The race was two miles—and during the last half mile there was a beautiful neck-and-neck contest between the General and Inheritor. The struggle was tremendous during the last 100 yards, and the spectators cheered the jockies 'till the welkin rang again. At last, within a length of the winning post, the General shot ahead and won by—half a neck! This was decidedly as fine a race, and as *fair*, as I ever saw. The betting was awful—I saw "the settling" for this race, and not less than two hundred thousand pounds are estimated to have changed hands.

A Maiden Plate, value 50 sovs, for all ages that have never won 50l before the day of entry. Heats, two miles.
Mr. Dawson's ch. c. *Doubtful*, by Muley........Lye 1 2 1
Sir J. Boswell's b. c. *Silvio*........ 3 1 2
Mr. Nanney's b. f. *Lady Blessington*........ 2 3 3

In the first heat for this plate Lady Blessington took the lead, Doubtful and Silvio following close behind: Doubtful had a tough tug and came in first: Silvio barely saved his distance. In the second heat, Silvio came in first—but had a struggle for it with Doubtful, who was half a length behind at the winning post. In the third heat, Silvio and Doubtful had another trial, from the starting to the winning post. Doubtful won—whipped and spurred up to the top of his speed.

Thursday, May 12.—The weather continued fine (indeed we have May weather, at last) and the Course was thronged.

The Liverpool Spring St. Leger of 25 sovs each, with 50 sovs added, for three yrs old colts, 8st 6lb; fillies, 8st 3lb. One mile and three quarters. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. (6 subs.)
Mr. Mostyn's br. c. *Trap Ball*, by Battledore, out of Mercandotti, by Muley—Templeman........ 1
Mr. Dawson's b. c. *Locomotive*, by Waverly—Minima........ 2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Luther*, by Vanish or Filho........ 3
Won easily. Three drawn.

The Craven Stakes of 25 sovs each, 15 sovs ft. with 50 sovs added, for two years old colts, 8st 6lb; fillies, 8st 3lb. T. Y. C. (13 subscribers.)

Sir J. Boswell's b. c. *Calendar*, by Canteen, out of Hambletonia, by Stamford—J. Holmes	1
Sir T. Stanley's gr. f. by Dr. Syntax, dam by Walton	2
Sir R. Bulkeley's br. f. by Velocipede—Nell Gwynne	3

Eight others started, 2 drawn. Calendar won with some difficulty.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, with 30 sovs added, for all ages. Heats, once round the Course.

Mr. Ramsey's b. h. *Vestment*, by Longwaist, out of Dulcamara, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb	1	4	1
Lord Derby's ch. c. *Amurath*, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb	2	1	4
Sir R. Bulkeley's gr. g. *Isaac*, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb	4	3	2
Mr. Cookes' gr. c. *Fop*, by Stumps, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb	3	2	3

Friday, May 13.—The Filly Stakes of 20 sovs each, 10ft, with 30 sovs added, for 3 years old. One mile.

Mr. Alanson's ch. f. *Vulture* ... walked over.

The Stand Cup, value 100 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 18 sovs each, for all ages.

Mr. Ramsay's bl. h. *Inheritor*	1
Mr. Mostyn's ch. f. *Usury*	2

Won easily by Inheritor. General Chasse did not run as they wanted to add 5 lbs to him as winner of the Trades' Cup. The Queen, indisposed, did not run.

A Plate value 70 sovs, given by the coach and car proprietors of Liverpool.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. *Cattenna*	1	1
Mr. Nanney's blk. h. *Sir William*	2	2

Sir William had no chance at any time.

The great events at the Liverpool Craven Meeting were the running for the Trades Cup on Wednesday, and for the Stand Cup on Friday. The non-appearance of the Queen of Trumps caused much disappointment, as she was freely backed, as favorite, for both cups. It was doubted whether General Chasse would not be kept up for the Newton and Liverpool July Meetings—so that until two days before the race he was no great favorite. Tamworth, at starting, was considered to have quite as good a chance. The odds were 7 to 4 agst Tamworth (taken freely,) 2 to 1 against General Chasse, 9 to 2 against Inheritor, and 7 to 1 against Verbena. For the Stand Cup, Inheritor was the favorite.

I annex the winnings, in 1835, of the General and Inheritor, and shall do so, in future, when the race is important.

General Chasse, by Actæon, Son of Scud, property of Sir J. Boswell, aged 5 yrs. In 1835 won Trades Cup with 490*l* at Liverpool Spring Meeting; 210*l* at Manchester; the Manor Cup with 240*l*, and the Borough Cup with 70*l* at Newton; the Tradesman's Cup with 790*l*, and the Stand Cup with 140*l*, at Liverpool July meeting.

Mr. W. R. Ramsay's bl. h. *Inheritor, by Lottery, son of Tramp*, 5 years. Won, in 1835, Gold Cup with 40*l*; a whip with 50*l*, and King's 100 guineas at Caledonian Hunt; Gold Cup with 20*l* at Dumfries; Gold Cup, and King's 100 guineas at Carlisle.

YORK SPRING MEETING.

This Meeting has dwindled down to 2 days. Weather fine and Course in good order.

Monday, May 8.—Sweepstakes of 50 sovs each, h. ft. for two year olds. T. Y. C. (5 subscribers.)

Mr. S. L. Fox's b. f. *Teresa*, by Langar, (Templeton)	1
Mr. Skipsey's b. f. *The Cuckoo*, sister to The Saddler	2
Mr. Hebden's ch. c. *Newmarket*, by Priam	3

6 to 4 on Newmarket. The three ran together to the distance, where Newmarket dropped astern. The Cuckoo soon followed, and Teresa went in an easy winner by two lengths.

First Year of a Renewal of the YORK DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs each, h. ft. One mile and a half. (15 subs.)

Mr. Blakelock's bl, c. *The Black Diamond*, by Jerry, (Johnson)	1
Mr. Leedham's b. c. *Aleppo*, by Mulatto	2
Duke of Leeds' b. c. *Jericho*, by Jerry	3
Duke of Leeds' br. c. *Rover*, by Waverly	4

5 to 4 on Black Diamond, 6 to 4 against Aleppo, 4 to 1 against Rover, and 7 to 1 against Jericho. Jericho took the lead, followed by Aleppo and Rover, Black Diamond last, to the Gravel Road, where the favourite came out, shook them off, and won very easy by two lengths. The winner is a very fine colt, and if he keeps well, he will be an awkward customer to shake off for the Doncaster St. Leger. He was admired by every one present, and his general appearace gave great credit to his trainer, who also rode him.

TUESDAY—May 10.

The Spring St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs each. Last mile and three-quarters. (5 subscribers).

Mr. Bell's br f *Zibetta*, by Langar (Heseltine)	1
Mr. Atwood's br f *Theana*, by Waverly	2
Lord Eglinton's gr c *Wizard*, by Ben Ledi	3
Mr. H. Claridge's b f *Aveline*, by Jerry	4

Even on Zibetta, 2 to 1 against any other. Won very easy.

Sweepstakes of 30 sovs each, 10 ft. for 2 yrs old. T.Y.C. (17 subs.)

Duke of Cleveland's br c. by Voltaire, out of Matilda, (Lye)	1
Mr. Bell's ch f *Golden Drop*, by Actæon	2
Mr. T. O. Powlett's f. by Priam	3
Mr. Wilkins's ch c *Abraham Newland*, by Malek	4
Duke of Leeds's br c *Wrestler*, by Waverley	5

6 to 4 on Duke of Cleveland's colt; 3 to 1 against Golden Drop; 4 to 1 agst. Wrestler, and 5 to 1 agst. any other. The lot came away well together to the Stand, where the Duke of Cleveland's colt singled himself out, and won very easy by two lengths.

First Year of a renewal of Oak Stakes of 50 sovs. One mile and a half.—(7 subscribers) for 3 year old fillies.

Sir J. Beresford's brown, *Misfortune*, by Voltaire., (Lye)	1
Duke of Leeds' bay, *Rubina*, by Waverley, (Templeman)	2
Mr. Wormald's ch *Zelinda*, by Velocipede	3
Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr *The Lady Berners*, by Lamplighter	4

5 to 4 agst. Misfortune, and 5 to 4 agst. Zelinda. Zelinda took the lead, Misfortune second, Rubina third, and Lady Berners last, to the Gravel-road, where Misfortune came out, and won cleverly by two lengths.

The Shorts—A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs each, h. ft. Last mile.

Duke of Cleveland's ch c by Langar, out of Matilda, (Lye)	1
Mr. Gully's b f *Princess Victoria*, by Langar or Falcon	2

3 to 1 on the Duke's colt. Won in a canter.

York Races, you will see, exhibit no great sport.

Epsom Races commence to-morrow (May 17,) and there is every reason to anticipate not merely a full attendance of visitors, but some very excellent sport. The course is said to be in remarkably fine condition. The stewards are the Marquis of Conyngham and the Baron de Tessier.

The Derby comes off at Epsom next Wednesday, and the Oaks the next day. The latest betting at Tattersall's (on Saturday, May 14,) says on the Derby:—The "crack" was in great force at 2 to 1 (taken freely), and Ebberston at 13 to 2 at which price he was backed for ten or twelve hundred pounds. Three or fou hundred pounds were laid out upon Mr. Wags at 7 to 1, and nearly as much up on Sepoy at 15 to 1; Slane and Gladiator not in any demand. Some changes took place among the outstders. Emmelina and Master of the Rolls were backed rather freely, while Tipple-cider declined to 50 to 1, and Mr. Ridsdale's lot disappeared altogether from the betting; they are reported to be amiss. Nothing said about Chifney's two.

THE DERBY—(Thursday next.)

2 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's Bay Middleton (taken freely.)
11 to 2 — Col. Peel's lot (taken)
13 to 2 — Mr. Osbaldeston's Ebberston (taken)
7 to 1 — Col. Peel's Mr. Wags (taken)
15 to 1 — Duke of Richmond's Sepoy (taken.)
18 to 1 — Col. Peel's Slane
20 to 1 — Lord Wilton's Gladiator
25 to 1 — Lord Egremont's Emmelina colt (28 to 1 taken)
35 to 1 — Lord Chesterfield's Alfred (taken)
35 to 1 — Mr. Allen's Master of the Rolls (taken)
35 to 1 — Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabal
50 to 1 — Mr. Fox's Tipple Cider (taken)
3 to 1 — Ebberston and Wags (taken)
20 to 1 — Master of the Rolls and Tipple Cider (taken)

OAKS—(Friday next.)

7 to 2 agst Mr. Dawson's Fair Jane
5 to 1 — Mr. Armitage's Vesper (taken 11 to 2)
10 to 1 — Lord Exeter's Toga (taken)

No others mentioned.

For the Derby, the entry includes 128 horses—for the Oaks, 104!!!

St. Albans' races came on this week, but no crack cattle ran.

The prices at Manchester, are:

THE DERBY.

2 to 1 agst Bay Middleton (t)	16 to 1 agst Slane.
6 to 1 agst Ebberston.	18 to 1 agst the Athenian.
7 to 1 agst Mr. Wags.	

THE OAKS.

5 to 1 agst Fair Jane, (t.)	8 to 1 agst Vesper.

For the Manchester Cup, 23 have entered: The race will take place, May 27.

Lord Wilton has purchased Gladiator for 200 guineas.

It is said that Ebberston (Mr. Osbaldestone's horse) is not in condition to run, at Epsom, for the Derby, next Thursday. Foul play is suspected—*and on Osbaldestone's side.*

The late Bishop of Chester, when he ordained any gentleman, invariably gave him this advice:—Do not hunt, or fish or shoot—it is not becoming for you to dance or play: avoid the Whigs, who would destroy the Church: go not much into company: cultivate the acquaintance of the Lord of the manor. That mad wag, the Reverend Sydney Smith, has thus versified that advice:—

Hunt not! fish not! shoot not!
Dance not! fiddle not! flute not!
Be sure you have nothing to do with the Whigs!
Rather stay at home and feed your pigs!
Above all, I make it my particular desire,
That at least once a week, you dine with the Squire!

The general subject of conversation is the case of *crim. con.* at the suit of the Hon. Mrs. Norton against Lord Melbourne. The swain is 56—the lady about 29. She is daughter of Tom Sheridan and grand daughter of Brinsley,—

"The Dramatist, Orator, Minstrel—who ran
Thro' each mode of the lyre and was master of all."

STILL LATER—THE DERBY AND THE OAKS.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

Liverpool, May 24, 1836.

The Derby and the Oaks have been won, at Epsom Races, by the favorites.—Another proof, as I have previously stated, that there has been fair running this season, and that bets have hitherto been made with judgment. Bay Middleton won the *Derby*, and Cyprian the *Oaks*.

If you ever visit England, time your advent so as just to arrive in time for Epsom races. *There* you will have such a display of English magnificence as will give you a true notion of the brighter side of the picture. In London, wealth is scattered over a thousand places, and congregated into many an out-of-the-way place; but it is *exhibited* at Epsom. Elsewhere you see enough to make you think "these people are wealthy—commerce has done this;" but at Epsom, you behold a modern field of cloth-of-gold! You see a magnificence which is only much too gorgeous!

Epsom races take place upon Epsom Downs—a pleasant distance from London. It is a scene of much natural beauty. The winning post lies on the side of a gentle valley, in the midst of a noble amphitheatre of hills. Round this, tier above tier, do congregate thousands upon thousands, to behold "the sport." What emotions does it excite only to behold the beholders! The start takes place—then follows a silence which, as the poet says, almost speaks in its profoundness: you see the outstretched necks—the eager glance—the straining eye-balls—the hush of voice and motion—and, round and round, the rapid and emulative speed of the horses. Then, the beautiful equipages drawn up in lines, far as the eye can reach, covering the sides of the hills with countless hues—like the emblazoning upon the painted window of some time-worn Cathedral. There you behold Beauty, radiant in natural charms and decked with the rich adornments of Fashion. Here and there is pitched a white tent, with its flag proudly floating like the banner of some ancestral Keep! Beyond are crowds of horsemen glancing across the sward like gleams of light—pedestrians loitering in the shadow—gipsies, with bright eyes and brown skins, promising happy fortunes to those who, through them, would read the mystery of the starry heavens: their faces beautiful as that of Cleopatra—and indeed they come from the same clime of passion—there they are, and the noblest and the fairest of the land, smiling at their own credulity, yet led by curiosity, are crossing their hands with silver and eagerly listening to the welcome prophecy.

There, too—but it is time that I should write sober English, and not poetize in prose upon such a scene as this.

EPSOM Races commenced on Tuesday and closed on Friday. The weather was excellent, the sport was good, the attendance numerous, and the Course in fine order. The good condition of the latter is attributable to the active superintendance of Baron de Teissier. Contrary to custom, there was a fashionable attendance upon the first and second days. The Grand Stand was crowded on every day, and considering that the price of admission to it is two dollars, must have made "a mint of money." For admission to the Grand Stand at Doncaster, the price is one guinea per day.

The company included the Prince of Orange and his two sons, the Duke of Cumberland, Dukes of Richmond, Cleveland, Beaufort, Rutland; Marquis of Granby, Exeter, Graham, Aylesbury, Tichfield; Earls of Verulam, Wilton, Lichfield, Jersey, March, Uxbridge, Lincoln, Erroll, Mulgrave, and lots of plain lords and commoners.

[We omit this week, for want of room, the report of the races on Tuesday and Wednesday.]

On *Thursday*, the conversation on all sides was about "*the favorite.*" Lord Jersey and his friends backed him to a heavy extent, and the odds now became 7 to 4 against him, and few takers, to the surprise of hundreds—aye, of thousands. *Venison* sprang from the tail to the place of *second* favorite: this was because Osbaldestone's *Ebberston* went down from second favorite to 40 to 1, and *Recruit* which stood next had won on Tuesday, (the Craven Stakes), and it is certain that Venison could be t Recruit. But on the whole, *Bay Middleton* was so much the favorite, that there was, on the field, little betting against him.

Ebberston had a trial on Wednesday, and was beaten by *Slane*:—fell back to 40 to 1. The *Athenian* also tried at the same time, was found wanting, and fell to 12 to 1. Venison and Gladiator sprang on, although three days before they had been at 3000 to 20!!! An hour before starting Bay Middleton *coughed.*—This was enough: "His wind is touched," was the cry, and he fell for an hour from 7 to 4 to 4 to 1.

Immediately before starting, the odds were 7 to 4 against Bay Middleton, 7 to 2 against Venison, 8 to 1 against Colonel Peel's two, 10 to 1 against Sepoy, 12 to 1 against Gladiator (taken), 25 to 1 against The Athenian, 25 to 1 against Alfred, 30 to 1 against Muezzin, and 50 to 1 against Recruit.

The horses got off at half-past three, after several false starts, and ran as follows:—

Lord Jersey's b c *Bay Middleton*	(Robinson)	1
Lord Wilton's ch c *Gladiator*	(Scott)	2

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. J. Day's b c Venison, Col. Peel's b c Slane, Mr. Chifney's b c The Athenian, Duke of Richmond's br c Sepoy, Col. Peel's b c Mr Wags, Lord Chesterfield's b c Alfred, Mr. Osbaldestone's c Ebberston, Mr. Batson's b c Taishteer, Lord Exeter's b c Muezzin, Sir L. Glynn's ch c Recruit, Mr. J. Robinson's ch c Whaley, Lord Lichfield's br c by Velocipede (Delphine), Mr. Allen's b c Master of the Rolls, Mr. E. Peel's br c Morison, Capt. Gardnor's Idiot, Sir G Heathcote's ch c Willesden, Duke of Beaufort's Hatfield, Lord Chesterfield's Weighton, Lord Egremont' c by Chateau Margaux, out of Emeline.

There were several false starts, the Athenian being restive, and would not run. At last they went off without him. Recruit who had to cut out the work for Venison, took the lead, at a capital pace, followed by Venison; Bay Middleton lying at the heels of the latter, on the inside, and Slane on the upper side; the Emmeline colt and Idiot being well laid up with them. This lot got off favorably; but the jockies of Gladiator, Sepoy, Taishteer, Muezzin, Willesden, and one or two others, stopped their horses after running a few yards, under an impression that as the Athenian was lett behind, it was no start; by this they had a good deal of lee way to make up: and without going so far as to agree with the assertion that Gladiator would have won had he not lost so much start, it is very clear that his, and the chance of every other horse compromised, was materially affected. Recruit carried on the running till near the top of the hill, where he tired and fell back into the ruck; the Master of the Rolls having already succumbed to the pace. Slane, Venison, the Emmeline colt, Bay Middleton, and Gladiator, (who by this time reached the front rank), now composed the first division, Slane leading it round the turn, where he was repassed by Venison. At this point it did not require a pair of spectacles to see how the race would finish. Bay Middleton was pulling double, and his rider looking round with a triumphant stare. At the road, Slane and the Emmeline colt, were beaten off; Venison however supported the lead to the distance, where Bay Middleton and Gladiator went up to him. Here "Honest John," tried his strength: found that it wound not do; and instead of cutting up his Venison very prudently kept him for another meal. The two immediately quitted him, Gladiator being a trifle in advance for a moment; but it was only for a moment, as the "crack" came the instant he was called on, and ran home a gallant winner by two lengths. Venison was beatten about three lengths from Gladiator. Slane and Alfred were next, the Emmeline colt sixth, and after him Taishteer, Muezzin, and Willesden, all at long intervals, the others coming in one by one, at immense distances from the winner; in fact, it was one of the most complete tail races ever seen. There was a good deal of altercation after the race with respect to the start, several of the jockies insisting that it ought not to have been suffered, inasmuch as the Athenian, never went up to the post; the starter, *per contra*, declared that it was a *bona fide* start, and so it was decided. Scott asserts confidently that his horse would have won but for the loss of ground at starting. Lord Jersey and his friends are very large winners: and the betting men with one or two exceptions losers. Some of the balances are so heavy on the debtor side, that an indifferent settling is anticipated. The winner is bred of a running family on both sides, his sire having run Tiresias to a head for the Derby, and his dam was the Oaks: he is got by sultan, out of Cobweb, (bred by Lord Jersey,) by Phantom (a Derby winner), out of Filagree, by Soothsayer out of Web (Middleton's) dam, by Waxy (a Derby winner), out of Penelope, by Trumpator. Value of stakes 3,725*l*, subject to the winner's stake and the deductions specified in the conditions.

Bay Middleton has kept up his character. He is heavily backed to win the Doncaster St. Leger, and has every chance of success. Robinson rode him remarkably well. He kept him in, until the moment when it was the *cue* to let him shoot ahead of Gladiator.

Friday May 20.—THE OAKS.

The Oaks Stakes, of 50 sovs. each, h ft. (98 subs.)

Mr. Scott's *Cyprian*,	1
Mr. Houldsworth's *Destiny*	2

[Twelve others started. The odds were 2 to 1 against Cyprian. 10 to 1 against Destiny. There were 12 false starts!! Toga led, Cyprian next, Primrose, Marmalade, Destiny, and Fair Jane (second favorite) next, in a cluster.—The Race, within half distance of the winning post, was in favor of Cyprian and Destiny, the rest no where. Cyprian was *flogged* into winning, by half a length. Value of the stakes £2,750.

Mr. Messer's *Skinner* took the Ashead stakes, and the West Surrey member's plate was won by Mr. Winckham's *Pincher*.

There was a row, on Thursday, between some gipsies and the police. A policeman was stabbed, a second hastened to his aid and was also stabbed; neither are killed.

The settling day is *this* day. The bets are heavy and there will be many defaulters. The Honorable Berkeley Craven shot himself on Thursday, as he had lost more on the Derby than he could pay. His losses amounted to £30,000. He was aged 60 and was uncle to the Earl of Craven.

Mr. Bird has refused 1,000 guineas for his bay colt *Redshank*, brother to Yaxley, by Sandbeck, out of Johanna, by Selim. Offers were made at Newmarket last week to back him at 15 to 1 for Doncaster St. Leger.

I mentioned, in a former letter that George the Fourth had early shown a fondness for the Turf, and that he had, finally, been compelled to leave it, in consequence of some unfortunate and unhandsome jockey tricks in which he had become mixed up. I have since got the particulars of that affair in which "the first gentlemen in Europe" placed himself on a footing with a common sharper. With your permission, and as the affair, although much spoken of at the time it occurred, and even now often referred to seems little understood, and has never been fairly stated, I shall give a sketch of it.

It was in 1784, when the Duc de Chartres (afterwards *Egalite*, and father to Louis Phillipe,) paid his second visit to London, that the Prince of Wales became initiated into the mysteries of horse racing. He went to Newmarket races in company with the Duc de Chartres, and the Dukes of Dorset, Queensberry, Devonshire, and Bedford, all of whom had very heavy bets depending, and all of whom had horses entered for the principal races.—Encouraged by them, he went to Epsom races, in May,—purchased some horses, which were entered to run,—and won £30,000 by bets.

It was not, however, until the year 1790, that the Prince of Wales found it convenient to *retire* from the turf. He had, indeed, already made up his mind to do so, when a circumstance occurred which *compelled* him to it.

The affair, which took place at Newmarket, was this. The Prince's horse *Escape* lost a race, with the odds greatly in his favor, one day, and won his race the very next day, when (by reason of his previous defeat) the odds had turned 5 to 1 against him. Lords Grosvenor and Clermont owned two of the horses which had beaten Escape one day and were among those beaten by him on the next. Immense sums of money were lost, and the losers said—not without cause—that there was foul play. Chifney, the jockey, who rode Escape on both days was loudly accused, and Chifney was not only in the prince's service, but was a very confidential servant. No one accused the Prince, openly, but "curses not loud but deep" were pretty prevalent. Mr. W. Lake, an officer of the prince's household, and manager of his stud, came up on the course to the Prince and said "I must congratulate your royal highness, but I would give 100 guineas you had not won." The Prince, who understood and was nettled by the remark, said "I did not expect this from you."

The Prince, finding himself pretty generally *cut*, rode up to a groupe of the principal persons on the course, among whom were the Dukes of Bedford and Grafton, Lords Grosvenor, Foley, George Cavendish, and Clermont, and Charles James Fox. "If," said he, "there be any thing wrong, the rider must answer for it."

The Jockey Club took up the matter. Chifney made affidavits in vindication of his royal master and himself, and was examined by Sir C. Bunbury, Mr. Dutton and Mr. Panton, (stewards of the Jockey Club,) as to his bets upon either race.—The decision was, that Chifney should never again ride over the Newmarket course, and that the Prince must dismiss him or *retire from the turf.* He was galled at this decision, (which involved himself as *particeps criminis*,) and forthwith did retire from the turf, settling an annuity of £200 a year upon Chifney, and saying, "the Jockey Club insist on Chifney's dismissal, because they think him too good a rider, and too honest to see his master robbed."

Chifney's statement in self vindication, was, "that the Prince's horse, on the first day, lurched so much as to make him lose ground on the flat, while he (Chifney) endeavored to recover on the turn of the ground; but the horse tired so fast, that he dispaired of winning the race, and therefore, having a general order to that effect from the Prince, did not distress the horse, where it would have served no good purpose: that the Prince asked him, after the loss of this race, whether he thought Escape would have any chance the following day; to which he replied that Escape would be in better condition next day; that the distance was *longer*, and therefore in his favor; [a curious conclusion, the horse having "tired so fast" on the *shorter* run!] that he accordingly advised the Prince to take the odds, and that he himself had no bet on the first, and only a bet of 20 guineas on the second day's race."

The imputation on the Prince, was, that he had either instructed Chifney *to lose the first race*, or actually resorted to the vile trick of getting the grooms out of the way, and *giving the horse a pail of water shortly before starting!!!*

The above is the fullest and I believe the truest account of this affair which has appeared in print. I have the particulars from excellent authority.

This was followed by the natural result: the Prince of Wales plunged at once, and expensively into the affairs of the turf.—his racers cost him over £20,000 per annum; and, indeed, this is not wonderful when you learn that he at one time kept 500 horses. He depended a great deal upon the honesty of his jockeys—such people having as much *honesty* as poor Ellen Jewett had *virtue*; he was fleeced. His horses were excellent, but on the English turf (especially at that time) "the race is not always to the swift."

THE DERBY EOR 1836.

—— "Equum certamine primum."—Hor. A. P.

Though I know, Mr. Editor, words won't avail,
Nor the fam'd "Stone at Blarney" make fresh fish of stale;
And, although I admit, that before the event,
As a Prophet, my missive I ought to have sent;
Yet, since I POSTPON'd, it must now be my boast,
As soon after as may be, to come to the POST!
Grant the cocknies know all, yet not so country cousins,
And, egad, like most folks, I can tell them by dozens,
Though the wine can scarce moisten my throat, it's so dry,
And the wind and the sun have half blinded each eye,
Yet, jaded and fagg'd, the mere thought of the race,
So recent, must quicken me into the pace!
Of course, locomotion, before the cock crow'd,
Was the order of things, and old Epsom the road;
And, as none of the Rail ones have been got in force,
The horse was the lever (save asses) of course.
The drags were as motley as usual—the crowd
As dense, and the shout of their lungs just as loud;
The Warren—that scene of excitement—was cramm'd—
"What! he win the Race; if he does, I'll be ——!"
"How stumpy that goes"—"I say, you, Mister Groom,"
Cries Deputy Grub, whilst he elbows his room,
"What's his name you are on?"—"La, Sir, don't you know?
Why, sure, Squire Batson's, the great Plenipo!"
"Dear me!" responds Deputy, "Well, I declare,
I call that ere greedy—indeed it an't fair—
For I'm sure he has won this here Derby before:
Fair play is a jewel—he can't want no more!
But, if on such scenes I should pause, we shall never
Attain the result—so, the struggle for ever!
The number of tits that they started was twenty,
Save one, and a glutton must own it was plenty.
The false starts were four, and the "Crack" seem'd to chafe,
Whilst his enemies trusted 'twould make the thing safe.
The fifth time—"go along"—when Muezzin made play,
Followed close by Taishteer, and his Jockey, John Day;
The rest in three rucks: on the inside were seen,
Neva, Giles, Tipple Cider, Wags, Slane, Emmeline,
Mendizabal, The Master, Sepoy, and the Crack,
With Chifney's two, follow up close in their track.
Gladiator and Ebberston laid lower down,
With three other cattle unworthy renown.
The pace up the hill was so cursedly cruel,
That Muezzin, Taishteer, Neva, all wanted gruel,
With The Tippler and Master, ere they'd master'd its crown;
Whilst Sepoy and The Spaniard declin'd going down.
At the "corner," Nell Gwynne could be held in no longer,
And finding a horse than a jockey is stronger,
(Though tool'd by the first on earth) took his own way,
Clear'd the ropes like a deer, and for London made play.
Ere the "distance" Wags gave up the ghost with some others,
After hugging a bit, like affectionate brothers;
At that critical point, five had only a chance,
When Emmeline springs up to lead them a dance.
Wheatley clings to the rails on "The Squire's"—"The Screw,"
On the Athenian, ran next him, and lifting him too:
A few strides, Gladiator seem'd winning, but Slane
Shut him up—to the scratch he could not come again.
Three only were left—'twas "Now Wheatley—now Pavis—
Now Egremont's." Oh! from such shouts heaven save us!
Such revulsion of blood, and such whirl of the brain—
'Twas past in a twinkling, and the winner was—Slane!
With Ebberston second, and Emmeline next,
And the Sussex Division" ought not to be vext.
The name of the Owner—the winner's enough—
To say gratulations were not empty stuff;
Whilst a Peel of the Senate's, the pride and the prop,
The Turf hopes his brother amongst them will stop,
And the "blunt" at the "Settling" they'll cheerfully drop!

London, 19th May, 1836 (Derby Day.) VATES.

Bell's Life in London, 15th May.

TURFIANA

TRICKS OF TRAINERS, OWNERS, AND BETTORS.

The Racing Season has begun; and the commencement has been marked by two or three fracas that may probably do much ultimate good to the Turf, however discreditable they are to the parties concerned. The *Pucelle* expose led the van; and though the Jockey Club has treated it with their wonted apathy, the Noble owner of the horse has very properly turned his back upon the trainer who dared to turn his horse to such an unfair and nefarious account. The consequences have been, Sam has betaken himself to the *Gazette*, whilst his brother Bill has gone to Cambridge to study *qui, quæ*, QUOD! leaving their concerns in the hands of Jim Weathercock, who looks as thin as the *cue* at which he is such an adept. The *King of the Grunters* says, he can play the *losing* game fully as well as the winning one; and did "the thing" unkimmon well when he stood in with him at *Worthing* and feathered his nest. *Jack* may recollect this, as we think he was sojourning at Worthing at the time.

The next *scena* in the drama took place at Newmarket, in the Craven Meeting; and likewise took its rise from an affair of last year. At Heaton Park Races last autumn, it seems "the Squire" rode an Irish horse called *Rush*, and was "nowhere" in the race. He immediately afterwards entered him for a Handicap Stake at the same Meeting, and from his previous bad running got him very favourably weighted. He then backed the horse to win to a large amount at long odds, when he came out and won in a common canter. Such a marked difference in the horse's running naturally astounded the layers of the odds against him, and at once satisfied them it was neither more nor less than "*a do*," the horse being hard held in the first race, and not allowed to win. The matter made a great noise at the time; and Neddy Ruthven's robbery with *Old Bill* having spunked out about the same time in which "the Squire" appeared as the purshaser of the horses for Neddy, he most certainly caught it in good set terms from some of the newspapers of the day. We are not aware that he took any steps to defend himself from these attacks—of course the public were left to draw their own conclusions from his silence; and that, added to the circumstance of his not showing at Newmarket in October, looked queer. His keeping out of the way, however had the effect of the matter being allowed to drop: but not, it would appear, to remain for ever a dead letter. In the Craven Meeting last month the Squire thought he might venture to appear again at Newmarket in hopes that the thing had been blown over; but when he applied to one of the leading Nobleman on the Turf for some money he had won of him on *Rush's* second race at Heaton Park, his Lordship said he certainly should pay the money, and accordingly forked out the dibs; but at the same time he considered the thing to be part of a very pretty system of flat-catching. The Squire, we are told, said nothing at the time, but bagged the rowdy. Since however, the parties have had a pop at each other, which has been attended with as healing effects as any of the *Morrisonians* could wish their pills to have. Some of these Hygeists, indeed, go the length of saying, some of their pills must have been mixed up with the charges of the pistols, or the pops never could have effected such a surprising cure in such a desperate case.

No sooner, however, had the Squire got out of one scrape than he got into another—though with a very, very different sort of person. He has got an Oss it seems in the approaching Derby, and was green enough to get Yorkshire Bob, Mustard's old groom, to try him with some of his team—such as they are. Finding it a good thing, they agreed to back the nag, *on joint account*, for a large sum of money, at long odds; and Bob acted as agent in getting on the money. The secret of the trial, however, soon got wind, and the horse soon became a great favourite in the betting. As soon as cunning Bobby saw this, and that he was in for a good thing, he resolved to come Jemmy-from-Town's rig over the Squire, and refused to allow him to stand any of the large stake he had got on excepting a mere trifle. For our own part, we are not surprised at this, knowing the "sink or swim" game that the cove is playing. We are only surprised such a knowing hand as the Squire should have been such a flat as to select such a "deep un" for a pal. We hear he openly declares that rather than allow such a fellow to have a chance of enriching himself in such a mean, rascally manner, he will not start his horse at all. And really, in such circumstances, we should be disposed to think it would only be serving him right. But if the Squire seriously intends to do so, we think the public are entitled to know the fact without a moment's delay, otherwise the horse must be regarded as public property—and nothing can afterwards justify his being drawn but his being amiss.

We are not much in the habit of going to Newmarket, but we were fortunate enough to run down and see the 2000 guinea Stakes run for. It was indeed a splendid race, and from all we saw and heard, we do not see what can have a chance with Bay Middleton for the Derby—always barring "Old Bill" tricks, of which strong rumours are afloat. We notice such rumours to put the public on their guard, for we do think the best of three year olds cannot beat a good four year old at even weights over the Derby course; and knowing, as we do, some desperate men are playing a desperate game on the Derby this year—yea, as desperate as BAMPYLDE *Moore Carew*, the King of the Beggars, himself could play—we shall not be surprised to hear of some roguery going forward. If any of our numerous friends can give us a clue to these *Bits of Neddy*, we shall not be slow in showing up the parties in their true colours. London Age.

HACKETT, the American comedian, is about paying another visit to London; and FORREST, the tragedian, is also on his way to our gay city. London Age.

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London Sporting Magazine for April, 1836.

WINNERS OF THE DERBY, OAKS AND ST. LEGER STAKES.

FROM THEIR COMMENCEMENT.

	Derby.	*Oaks.*	*St. Leger.**
1778			Hollandaise
1779		Bridget	Tommy
1780	Diomed	Tetotum	Ruler
1781	Young Eclipse	Faith	Serina,
1782	Assassin	Ceres	Imperatrix
1783	Saltram	Maid of the Oaks	Phenomenon
1784	Serjeant	Stella	Omphale
1785	Aimwell	Trifle	Cowslip
1786	Noble	The Yellow Filly	Paragon
1787	Sir Peter Teazle	Annette	Spadille
1788	Sir Thomas	Nightshade	Young Flora
1789	Skyscraper	Tag	Pewett
1790	Rhadamanthus	Hippolyta	Ambidexter
1791	Eager	Portia	Young Traveller
1792	John Bull	Volante	Tartar
1793	Waxy	Cælia	Ninety-three
1794	Dædalus	Hermione	Beningbrough
1795	Spread Eagle	Platina	Hambletonian
1796	Didelot	Parisot	Ambrosio
1797	Br. c. by Fidget	Nike	Lounger
1798	Sir Harry	Bellissima	Symmetry
1799	Archduke	Bellina	Cockfighter
1800	Champion	Ephemera	Champion
1801	Eleanor	Eleanor	Quiz
1802	Tyrant	Scotia	Orville
1803	W's Ditto	Theophania	Remembrancer
1804	Hannibal	Pelisse	Sancho
1805	Cardinal Beaufort	Meteora	Staveley
1806	Paris	Bronze	Fyldener
1807	Election	Briseis	Paulina
1808	Pan	Morel	Petronious
1809	Pope	Maid of Orleans	Ashton
1810	Whalebone	Oriana	Octavian
1811	Phantom	Sorcery	Soothsayer
1812	Octavius	Manuella	Otterington
1813	Smolensko	Music	Altisidora
1814	Blucher	Medora	William
1815	Whisker	Minuet	Filho da Puta
1816	Prince Leopeld	Landscape	The Duchess
1817	Azor	Neva	Ebor
1818	Sam	Corinne	Reveller
1819	Tiresias	Shoveler	Antonio
1820	Sailor	Caroline	St. Patrick
1821	Gustavus	Augusta	Jack Spigot
1822	Moses	Pastille	Theodore
1823	Emilius	Zinc	Barefoot
1824	Cedric	Cobweb	Jerry
1825	Middleton	Wings	Memnon
1826	Lapdog	Lilias (now Babel)	Tarrare
1827	Mameluke	Gulnare	Matilda
1828	Cadland	Turquoise	The Colonel
1829	Frederick	Green Mantle	Rowton
1830	Priam	Variation	Birmingham
1831	Spaniel	Oxygen	Chorister
1832	St. Giles	Galata	Margrave
1833	Dangerous	Vesper	Rockingham
1834	Plenipotentiary	Pussy	Touchstone
1835	Mundig	Queen of Trumps	Queen of Trumps

* In 1776, a Sweepstakes on exactly the same conditions as that which was afterwards named the St. Leger, was won at Doncaster, by Lord Rockingham's br. f. by Sampson, and in 1777 by Mr. Southeron's Bourbon; but the first St. Leger, so called at the time, was won by Hollandaise.

London New Sporting Magazine, for May, 1836.

LENGTHS OF ENGLISH COURSES.

To enable our readers better to understand the abbreviations in our reports of English Races we give below from the *Turf Remembrancer for* 1836, the following useful table, which will be invaluable to many, as the length of the various Courses is given in every instance.

Newmarket.	M.	F.	Y.
B. C. The Beacon Course	4	1	138
Last three miles of ditto	3	0	45
T. M. M. Two middle miles of ditto	1	7	125
Last mile and a distance of ditto	1	1	156
R. C. Round course	3	4	187
D. I. Ditch in	2	0	97
A. F. Across the Fat	1	2	24
An. M. Ancaster Mile	1	0	18
Ab. M. Abingdon Mile	0	7	211
R. M. Rowley Mile	1	0	1
D. M. Dutch Mile	0	7	178
B. M. Bunbury Mile	0	7	208
Audley End Course (from the starting post of the T. Y. C. to the end of the B. C.)	1	6	0
Clermont Course (from the Ditch to the Duke's Stand	1	5	217
From the Turn of the Lands in	0	5	184
T. Y. C. Two-year-olds Course (on the flat)	0	5	136
New T. Y. C. (part of B. M.)	0	5	136
Y. C. Yearling Course	0	2	47

Ascot Heath. The Two-mile Course is a circular one, of exactly two miles, the last mile of which forms the Old Mile. The New mile is straight, measuring 7 fur. 150 yds. The T. Y. C. (part of the New mile) is 5 fur. 136 yds.

Buxton is a round Course of one mile.

Chelmsford is a round Course, short of 2 miles by about 30dyds; about half of the Straight Mile is in the Round Course, finishing with rather a severe hill.

Chester is a circular Course of one mile.

Doncaster is a round Course of about 1 mile, 7 furlongs, and 70 yards. The other Courses are portions of this circle, viz:—Red House in, 5fur. 164yds. T. Y. C. 7fur. 189yds. Fitzwilliam Course, 1m. 4fur. 10yds. St. Leger Course 1m. 6f. 132yds. Two-mile Course, 2m 0f. 15 yds. Four-mile Course, (twice round) 3m. 7fur. 219yds. Cup Course, from the Red House and once round, 2m. 5fur. 14yds.

Egham is a round Course, short of 2 miles by 66 yards, and nearly flat.

Epsom.—The old Course, seldom used except for the Cup, is a circular one of two miles. The new Derby Course is a mile and a half, in the form of a horseshoe; the first half mile is on the ascent, for nearly the next half mile the course is level, it then descends to the distance, from whence it again rises. New T. Y. C., 6fur.; Woodcot Course, 4fur.; Craven Course, a mile and a quarter.

Exeter is an oval Course of two miles. The new Course is a circular one of 1 mile.

Knutsford is a round course of 1 mile.

Liverpool Maghull Course is an oval one of 1m., flat. The Aintree Course is 1m. 4fur., flat.

Manchester is an oval course of 7fur. 184yds. The Cup Course is 2m. 0fur. 168yds. T. Y. C. 5fur. 184yds.

Newcastle is a square course of 1m. 5fur. 132yds. The T. Y. C. 5fur. 105yds. Mile Course from the Newcastle Turn, 6fur. 184yds. Two-mile Course, 2m. 0fur. 0yds. Three-mile Course, 2m. 7fur. 85yds. Four-mile Course, 3m. 7fur. 153yds.

Newton is a triangular Course of 1m., with a hill.

Nottingham is a round Course of 1m. 2fur. 11yds.

Oxford is a round Course of two miles all but a distance, and quite flat; the last half mile straight.

Pontefract is an oval Course of about 2m. 1fur.

Preston is an oval Course of 1m., flat.

Stafford is an oval Course of 1 mile.

Stockbridge is a round Course, rather hilly, the last three quarters of a mile nearly in a straight line. They have also a straight line, and a round Course of about a mile and a quarter; the latter is called the New Course.

Tavistock is an oval Course of two miles.

Wolverhampton is a round Course of a mile and a quarter. The T. Y. C. is half a mile, straight.

York.—T. Y. C., 5fur. 50yds. Mile Course, 1m. 0fur. 8yds. Last mile and Quarter, 1m. 2fur. 15yds. Last mile and half, 1m. 4fur. 18yds. Last mile and three-quarters, 1m. 5fur. 150yds. Two-mile Course, 1m. 7fur. 85yds. Four-mile Course, 3m. 7fur. 24yds.

220 Yards make 1 Furlong; 8 Furlongs, 1 Mile; 240 Yards, a Distance.

TREATMENT OF MARES AND THEIR FOALS.

I am led to address a few words to you, in the hope that they will be found worthy of publication, from the fact that many valuable foals are annually lost at at the present season; and because this subject is more particularly one of national importance from the great and increasing exportation of all our best horses.

It is not generally know that the *refusing to suck*, which is the cause of the death of so many foals, as well as the *scouring*, which about the third day kills many more, are both produced by irritation, and consequent inflamation of the bowels, from the *retention of a few small hard feces* in the rectum. These are generally more in quantity in proportion as the keep of the mare has been high. The cure is simple. A few hours after the foal has been dropped, a tallow candle should INVARIABLY be passed into the rectum, and when the passage has been sufficiently softened, the feces can easily be extracted by the fingers.

In cases where scouring kills foals at a subsequent period, it is generally attributable to the foal heating itself by violent exercise; consequently the mare, for the first day or two that she is let out, ought only to be walked about with a halter, and the same practice pursued at the time of her first horsing.

Some mares will not allow their foals to suck. This arises from a tenderness of the teats; and in this case they should have their heads tied up, and, if necessary, be otherwise prevented from kicking, while they are milked by hand; and the milk should be rubbed over the teats for some short time, after which they will allow the foal to suck.

Mares travelling with young foals ought not to go above *fifteen miles a day*, and their pace must be entirely regulated by the *natural* pace of the foal, which must never be hurried or left behind. Every mile or two the mare should be allowed to stop a little, and the foal be permitted to suck and rest itself. Thus the journey should occupy the whole day.

Mares having dead foals ought to loose a little blood, be fed moderately on cooling mashes with a little nitre, and on no account be allowed corn. Moderate exercise is very desirable for mares before foaling; and alternate mashes of plain and of scalded bran are much to be recommended. London Sporting Magazine.

HUNTING THE ROYAL BENGAL TIGER.

Towards the middle of the last month my friend D—— and I were making the tour of the District on duty, and in the course of our journey we arrived at a place called Bazelpore, an inconsiderable village about sixty miles distant from our station. We were here informed that the surrounding country had lately been much infested by tigers, which were so bold and daring as frequently to approach the houses, and rendered the inhabitants afraid to venture out after dark, and the nightly losses they sustained in their cattle had for a considerable time past been very great, scarcely a night passing without one or more bullocks being destroyed by these voracious animals. The poor natives earnestly besought us to assist in delivering them from their destructive foes, and though we did not exactly place implicit reliance on their statements respecting the number of tigers (for the Bengallese are proverbially prone to exaggeration,) we felt assured there was a tiger lurking in the vicinity, and that conviction was more than sufficient to awaken the interest of such enthusiastic sportsmen as D—— and myself. Having in our train fifteen or sixteen elephants, and an ample supply of fire arms of various kinds, we resolved to remain for a day or two and to beat up the whole of the jungle surrounding us. The first day our efforts were unsuccessful, for, notwithstanding that we beat a large extent of jungle and beheld very recent tracks of a tiger, we were not fortunate enough to pounce upon him. We did not relax in our search until past noon, by which time on every account we thought proper to give over the pursuit for the day; indeed, during the extreme heat of the day all wild animals bury themselves in the thickest parts of the jungles and can seldom be disturbed; we therefore returned to our tents, comforting ourselves under our failure by anticipation of better luck the following day. The next morning, as early as it was sufficiently light to see our way, we again mounted our elephants and proceeded to a part of the jungle we had not visited the previous day, and near which we were informed a bullock had very recently been killed by a tiger. On arriving at the spot, we formed our line of elephants, and commenced beating steadily along. After advancing about eighty yards, we came upon the half eaten carcase of the miserable victim, and judging from its fresh appearance, it was evident that the tiger had only quitted his sanguinary banquet a few hours before we entered the jungle. This discovery put us all, as you may suppose, quite on the qui vive, and excited us to double our exertions. We beat the jungle in every part no less than three times before we could satisfy ourselves that the object of our search was not still lurking there. At one time we thought we had come upon him, as we observed the long coarse grass, which chiefly forms the jungle, moving before us, and immediately prepared for action, and with fingers on our triggers advanced to the spot, when out rushed a tremendous boar. Considering this as very inferior to the more noble game we were in pursuit of, we did not fire; and, after halting for a minute or two to calm the throbbing of our nerves, which the late false alarm had wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, we continued our beating for some time longer, but without success. The day was now getting far advanced, and we began to feel somewhat dispirited at our failure, and sitting back in our howdahs were consulting about what was next to be done; when at the moment up ran a Bengallee almost breathless, and informed us that he had distinctly traced the tiger by his foot prints to a small patch of jungle very near us. Right about was the immediate order, and having taken our guide upon one of the elephants, we hastened to the spot he pointed out. We found it to be a small strip of jungle on the edge of a pond which we had beaten the day before, and then thought a most favorable place for finding a tiger. We formed our line, and advanced in the following order:—Mr. G—— (an indigo planter residing in the neighborhood, a very keen sportsman and an excellent shot) took the extreme left, Mr. D—— the centre, and I, with a few spare elephants, the sloping bank of the pond; the remainder of the elephants were placed between us, in order to leave no portion unbeaten. In this way we proceeded, beating every bush most carefully, when, just as we approached the end of the jungle, D—— called out, "Tally ho! there goes the tiger." At this time I was considerably below D——, and did not see the beast, and by the time I had ascended the bank he was at some distance, but there he was in full run making towards another patch of jungle a short way in advance. Just as he was about to enter this jungle, D—— fired and struck him; he instantly faced about and rushed towards Mr. G——, who also gave him a ball which for a moment checked him. By this time I had come up, and, catching a glimpse of him as he was creeping through the bushes, I fired and fortunately hit him—I say fortunately, for if I had not it is probable we should have lost him, as he was making for some high rushes growing in a kind of morass, where the elephants could not follow him, and which he had nearly reached. Irritated by the wound, he gave a tremendous roar, and, with extended jaws and tail erect, darted towards some spare elephants we had posted outside the jungle, with some natives on them as markers, in case the tiger should break cover. However, before he could reach them he had an open field to traverse, in crossing which Mr. G——, who was nearest to him, gave him a shot which took effect in his hind leg and stopped his progress. He was now dreadfully savage, and although greatly disabled, crawled into some long grass, where he lay roaring and biting up the ground until we came up to him, when he charged every elephant that approached him. The one on which I was mounted was by far the steadiest of the whole, and went up to the tiger most boldly, thus enabling me to have much the finest part of the sport, as I had him all to myself for several minutes. At one time he nearly succeeded in laying hold of my elephant's trunk, and had he not been deprived of the use of his hind leg would, I am convinced, have sprung on to the head, for he had all the inclination, but luckily for me wanted the power to do so. I gave him two or three more shots, but it was many minutes before his noble spirit left him, so very tenacious of life is all the feline species. His appearance was really beautiful while lying within a few feet of my elephant, unable to advance nearer to me, but eyeing me with a most savage look and tearing up the grass with his teeth: he well deserved the title of lord of the forest, for he disputed the right of the ground most bravely, and had he not been disabled so soon after being brought to the charge, he would, I doubt not, have put most of our small elephants to flight, for very few can be brought to stand the attack of a furious tiger, the very smell of one frequently making them refuse to proceed. Even those that have been long used for tiger shooting always evince symptoms of great uneasiness when they get scent of a tiger; they show their alarm by throwing up their trunks, and by uttering a short shrill cry called in the East "trumpeting," which they continue as long as they are on the track of a tiger. As soon as life was quite extinct, we placed our vanquished foe on one of the elephants, and had him conveyed to our tent. On measuring him I found him to be nine feet eight inches in length from the nose to the tip of the tail: I did not take his dimensions round the body, but it was something considerable. His head and paws were enormous; a single blow of the latter is sufficient to kill a large bullock, and in this way they always destroy their prey, then seize it by the throat and suck their blood. So much for tiger shooting. I fear you have found my description of the sport very tedious, but I can give you little or no idea of the reality. With such a tiger as the one above mentioned, the sport is of a nature amply to compensate for the danger and trouble caused in the search for him. I wish you had been of our party.

Extract from a letter in the New London Sporting Magazine, for May.

NEW SERIES FOR 1836.

The New York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

Of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well-grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range. and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the Sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a Register of the Turf. The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made om the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses, and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do dot hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washingten and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us."

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
IMPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES;
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c., &c.,

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books*, *Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest, *the Drama* will demand our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping band to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott,	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood, }	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood, }	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Hows

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence of learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The NEW SERIES of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance)	$5 00
For Six Months	2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines	$3 00
Each subsequent insertion	0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post-paid, may be addressed to WILLIAM T. PORTER, Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher, Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL'S Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 29

CUSTOM-HOUSE HOTEL,

CORNER OF PINE AND NASSAU-STREETS, New-York.—The subscriber having opened the above house on the European plan, is now ready to accommodate his friends and the public in superior style. The house is built on a modern and improved plan, and furnished with every convenience and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging rooms are airy and well furnished, and in perfect order. The ordinary is neat, convenient, and well furnished, and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords—served up by experienced cooks.

*** Gentlemen on business will find this a most desirable and central situation, being near Wall and all the business streets; and the proprietor pledges himself that no pains shall be spared on his part to make visitors comfortable and perfectly at home.

mar 5 JAMES HORN, JUN.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HANNINGTON'S MOVING DIORAAS will continue every evening, commencing at half past 7 o'clock—in the following order:—

Grand Dioramic Scene 1—Being an Allegorical Representation of the Treaty of Ghent, 1815 and Triumph of America!

The exhibition opens with a view of a highly scenic country, picturesque in the extreme. Immediately in front of the audience, in the foregroudd, is an Obelisk, erected to the glory of American heroes of the last war. The most elevated figure on this column is fame, represented with a trumpet, proclaiming the memorable deeds, where, and by whom achieved, which History is in the act, at the same time, of recording.

The moving figures of the Diorama commence in front, by the passing of a number of boats, in which much skill and time is observed by the oarsmen, after which, is to be seen America, drawn in a splendid car, by four white horses, bearing the flag of the United States, followed by Victory, ready to crown her with laurels, proceeding to the Temple of Peace, through a triumphal arch, with a numerous retinue. A young female precedes the car of America, strewing the path with flowers, while another, with a child in her arms, has kindled the incense, and a third is singing triumphant hymns.

In the train, following America, in a grand procession, are seen bands of Musicians, Victors, Prisoners of War, and numerous troops of Cavalry and Infantry, many of them carrying trophies. The whole spectacle is represented in the style and costume of the ancient Romans, and the admiring spectator will observe with delight the motion of men and horses, as natural as life, keeping time with the powerful martial music.

Grand Dioramic Scene 2.—Moonlight—Sea View—Storm and Shipwreck.

Grand Dioramic Scene 3.—Conflagration of Moscow.—This Diorama is divided into a Day and Night Scene.

Also, still exhibiting the celebrated Statuary of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and the Landlord and Landlady.

The Grand Cosmorama is the most splendid exhibition of the kind known.

Proffessor at the Piano, Mr. S. Bassford.

☞ Admittance to the whole, 25 cents—Children under 12 years, when accompanied their parents or guardians, 12 1-2 cents. feb. 27

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son, who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and a strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

THOROUGH BRED COLT.

FOR SALE—a sorrel colt, three years old, on the tenth day of the present month—got by Talma out of Dove. *Talma* is full brother to Alice Grey, and was got by Henry out of Sportsmistress—she, by Hickory out of Miller's Damsel, the dam of Eclipse. *Dove* is by Duroc, out of Romp, (full sister to Miller's Damsel) who was by imported Messenger, out of the imported PotSo's mare, bred by Lord Grosvenor. On the surpassing excellence of the pedigree, nothing need be said to persons who are conversant with turf history. The colt has been carefully reared, and is clear of every imperfection. Persons disposed to purchase willl judge for themselves, how far his form and action, are in harmony with his descent. may be added that he is from the stud which has produced Robin Hood, Post Boy, Tarquin, Ecarte, and Nelson, all winners, of whom one has made the best time in a two mile run, which our annals furnish, viz. 3m. 44s. and another is now fairly at the head of the American Turf. Three of these five, trace back through Miller's Damsel, to the PotSo's mare, and the other two, are from a Hickory mare; one by Eclipse, and the other by Henry. Apply after Saturday immediately preceding the first spring Meeting Union Course, at the stables of Mr. J. R. Snediker, where the colt many then be examined. April 23 1836.

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them—it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed npon him since his commencement in bnsiness, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to acy gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

TO RIFLE DEALERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A. A. HARRINGTON, No. 95 Barclay-street, New-York, Manufacturer of Rifles of a superior quality, all of which he warrants good.

A. A. H. has for the last ten years devoted his whole attention to Rifle Making. The Experiments he has made, and the manner in which he now grooves his Guns, enables him to compete with, if not surpass, any other establishment of the kind. Southern and Western Dealers supplied at short notice, with an article they can warrant with confidence.

A. A. H. has at times a good assortment of Fowling Guns, and apparatus suitable for Sporting. Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cleaning old guns, &c. &c. mar 12

NEW-YORK AND PROVIDENCE STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, the splendid Steamboat, PRESIDENT, Captain E. S. Bunker, or the BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Captain Robert B. Coleman, will leave New-York at 5 o'clock, and Providence at 12 o'clock.

For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad-street, or to the Captain, on board, at the foot of Courtland-street. feb 20

Sporting Varieties.

RACES NEAR PARIS.

The Chantilly races are over, and a very pleasant meeting it has been. There is not in Europe a more admirable site for sports of the kind. The course surrounds an oblong square of very considerable dmensions, the centre being the smoothest turf immaginable. Country seats with gardens "give" on it, and impart to the scene an air of comfort, if I may use such an expression, very unusual in France. As the newspapers however give the particulars of the races, it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon them. As usual, Lord Henry Seymour has been the principal winner. To the races, on Friday, succeeded pigeon-matches; and on Saturday, a *hunt*—yes, a hunt, in the latter end of April! On *Sunday* came of the principal races, hurdle races, and pigeon-matches, the principal performers in all of which were English. The company on each of the three days was numerous and elegant, including the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, and, as usual nowadays, *beaucoup des Russes*, who have commissions from the Inspectress-General, Princess Lieven, to see everything and to report everything. Thus for every brace of Russians to be met with in public or in society, the Autocrat reckons a couple of spies, I know not exactly the price of the necklace last presented to the lady of the French Minister, for —— ——, by the Princess Lieven; I only know that it was made in the Rue de la Paix, and that it was *acknowledged* "in the affair of Cracow."

The handsome Count WALEWSKI, a son of NAPOLEON by a Polish lady, has had his beauty marred by a fall from his horse in a steeple-chase, near Paris. His jaw was dreadfully fractured. We remember him a lion in our London coteries about three years ago; but as his manly charms were his principal reccommendation to *petism*, he will experience the fickleness of fashionable admiration should he again venture to star it in London.

The *Chester Races* have exceeded the expectations of their most sanguine supporters; the sport was admirable, the company numerous and fashionable, the ground in excellent order, and the betting heavy. A mad-headed reporter for one of the return lists thus introduces his account of the cup race:—"The Chester Trades Cup of 1836, is at length decided: upwards of a million (!) of that sterling sort of stuff which keeps the world agoing has changed hands. Every horse was a favourite, each having strong parties laying thousands upon the issue of this most important affair, which was to be the talisman for future events. The Derby, Oaks, and Great St. Leger Stakes, never outshone in the annals of sporting, the one that has come off on the banks of the Dee. Chester may now boast of being able to lend a hand to assist their brethren of the turf in handicaping; Weatherby and Tattersalls, indeed, may decline altogether ever attempting to vie with the sportsmen of this famous old city." We have not space for his poetry.

Last week, a horse, belonging to an individual in Nottingham, standing fourteen hands one inch, was driven from thence to Derby, a distance of sixteen miles, in one hour and sixteen minutes, in a gig, in which were three persons, whose united weight amounted to 40st. The gig weighed three cwt. at the least. After a four hours' rest, he brought the same party back in one hour and twelve minutes. The horse is blemished on both his hind legs, is five years old this May, and, to look at, appears worth from 6*l* to 8*l*. He is daily used for drawing, and has corn but seldom. He was not prepared for this work, and did it within himself, not being put to his full speed. A few weeks ago he was trotted, for a wager of five sovereigns, by his owner, fourteen miles within the hour.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—A match is to be decided on Thursday next, at Ned Neal's, the Rose and Crown, Norwood, between Tom Spring and Mr. Arthur, of Mitcham, for 10*l* a side. It excites considerable interest among the patrons of the trigger. Neal's new house is now in full feather, and as the season advances will, no doubt, become a favorite rendezvous for our rural excursionists. He is now building a range of commodious stables.

ARAB HORSE SALONICA.—Our attention has been called to a celebrated Arab horse, named Salonica, the property of Colonel Showers, of the Madras Horse Artillery, whose performances have excited an extraordinary sensation in Madras. This horse was first entered at Bombay; and after the races there, in 1827, was sent to Bengal, but not taking the fancy of the knowing ones in Calcutta, was conveyed to Madras in 1828, and made his debut in January, 1830, beating Esterhazy, a horse that had challenged all India. It had long been the custom to say that no Arab could successfully compete with an English horse in a long race, whatever the difference of weight; but Salonica proved the reverse—for, after a succession of victories from 1830 to 1835, he was entered for the Lancer's Gold Cup, at Cawnpore, against the celebrated English horse Slash, and the famous Arab, Hurry Skurry. It was a three mile heat; Salonica took the lead, was never headed throughout the race, and won in a canter, completing the distance in six minutes ten seconds. This made his triumph complete, it being the fifteenth time he had carried off the prize since his appearance at Bombay, when he was four years old.

HORSES.—We observe that "Stewart's Advice to Purchasers of Horses" has reached a fourth edition. This might have been anticipated, for it is a very useful little work, and opens the eyes of the inexperienced to the point on which information is important.

THE DERBY DINNER.—Tom Watson's Derby Dinner, at the Castle, at Moorgate, on Friday, promises to be a "tip-top affair." Already have a numerous body of well known sportsmen booked their trotters for a place under Tom's mahogany.

A match made on the 16th ult., between Messrs. W. Moore and J. Crabstick, came off on Friday the 29th, each party firing fifty shots from the rest, at two hundred yards, Mr. M. having the privilege of taking what practice he pleased, and Mr. C. being bound, on pain of losing the match, not to fire a shot from the rest at the said distance until he commenced the match. Each shot was to be measured from the centre, and thirty-six inches scored for a miss. Mr. C. missed his two first shots, and then struck thirty-six in succession, missed his thirty-ninth and fortieth, thereby missing four. Mr. M. also missed four, making the hits even; but there were forty-two inches in favour of Mr. M., and by this he won the match: M. 467, C. 509. Mr. C., though unaccustomed to firing from the rest at so short a distance as two hundred yards, is nevertheless willing to fire fifty shots more with Mr. M. on otherwise equal terms, or to give Mr. M. fifty-two shots to his (Mr. C.'s) 50, from the shoulder, at his option.

PISTOL SHOOTING.—A match of 100 shots, from a pistol at 12 yards from the bull's eye, (a small wafer,) was shot on Friday at Mr. Lang's Gallery, in the Haymarket, between two celebrated shots, one of whom is from Oxford. The contest was extremely close, and was won by the Oxford gentleman, who hit more than fifty wafers out of the hundred. The merit of each marksman was estimated by the number of inches his ball struck from the bull's eye, that is to say, five were counted for hitting the bull's eye, four for one inch, three for two inches, two for three inches, and one for four inches. At the 50th shot one had counted 138, and the other 139; but at the hundredth shot the Oxford gent. had scored 285, and his opponent 24 less. The shooting has not been surpassed in this country.

SUICIDE OF THE HON. BERKELEY CRAVEN.—A considerable sensation has been produced in the fashionable sporting world by the suicide of the Hon. Berkeley Craven, so well known on the turf, who put a period to his existence by shooting himself through the head with a pistol, at his residence, No. 17, Connaught-terrace, Elgeware-road. The particulars of the melancholy affair, are as follows:—The deceased, it appeared, was a loser by the Derby Stakes to an enormous extent, some say as much as £30,000.

As soon as the result of the race became known, he was observed by his friends to be excessively agitated, and in this state he left Epsom, and arrived at his residence, as above, the same (Thursday) night. He flung himself on the sofa in the parlour in a state of mental distraction, and all attempts to solace him being in vain, the domestics were forced reluctantly to leave him, and retired to bed at a late hour.

About six o'clock on the following (Friday) morning, one of the female servants came down stairs, and on entering the parlor a most appalling spectacle was presented to her view; the body of her master was found extended on the floor, deluged in blood, which had flowed from a frightful wound in the head, and near him lay a large duelling pistol, with which it was evident the deed had been perpetrated.

From an examination of the wound, it appears that death must have been almost instantaneous—but it is rather extraordinary that the report of the pistol was not heard by any of the inmates. He was about 50 years of age.

A LAD KILLED BY A PANTHER.—The Ogdensburg Republican relates the following melancholy incident, the particulars of which were given by the father of of the boy who lost his life; he was only 12 years of age, and was hunting alone in the vicinity of Indian Camp, near Black Lake. His father had promised to come to him on hearing the report of his gun; which he did, and found his son lying in the paws of a panther, the panther wagging his tail, and appearing much pleased with his prize. The boy told his father he had shot at the panther and wounded him, when the animal sprung and caught him before he could retreat; and as there was no chance for his life, he advised his father to fire and make as good a shot as possible. After hesitating what to do, he fired with deadly aim at the panther; but before the animal died, he succeeded in tearing the boy to pieces.

A CABMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS HORSE.—(*From the Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*)—"He lives at Pentonwil when he's at home," observed the driver, coolly, "but we seldom takes him home, on account of his veakness." "On account of his weakness!" reiterated the perplexed Mr. Pickwick. "He always falls down when he's took out of the cab," continued the driver, "but when he's in it we bars him up very tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry vell fall down, and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on; so ven he does move, they run arter him, and he must go on—he can't help it."

His Majesty has intimated to the Duke of Buccleuch his intention of becoming the patron of the Firth of Fourth Yacht Club, which will hereafter, in consequence, take the designation of the "Royal."

THE BACKBITER.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,"
As coolly to consume your bread,
Live in your house, your wine partake
His heart to cheer, his thirst to slake,—
Ride all your horses to a stand-still
And then lampoon you in a hand-bill?

"If such there be—go, mark him well!"
His end who cannot but foretell?
If, by some strange caprice of fate,
The gibbet creak not with his weight,
And shouts of gaping crowds beneath
Consign the monster to the death,—
Yet shall the prison yard behold
The wretch, to Satan doubly sold,
With brimless hat, and coat threadbare,
And trousers scandalous to wear;
Covered with vermin, filth, and shame,
Dragging with pain his wasted frame;
Till want and fell consumption seize
Their victim, rotted by disease!
He dies,—without a friend to cheer
His parting soul, or lift his bier:
While passing thieves each other tell
"That scamp, at last, has gone to ——!"
And think their *coterie* improved,
The foul lampooner thus removed!
So, by a miracle, unhung,
He dies, "unhonored and unsung!"

DUEL IN HIGH LIFE.—Our London Correspondent, under date of May 14th, states that a duel had taken place between the premier (Lord Melbourne) and the husband of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, author of "The Undying One." The premier received a pistol wound, though not of a dangerous character. Mr. Norton is a police magistrate. The cause of the meeting we forbear to state, although spoken of as no longer to be concealed. Probably the next arrival will bring the particulars. "You will not find (adds our correspondent) more than a few half meaning hints about the whole affair in the papers. As soon as his lordship received his wound, a cabinet council was summoned—the result of the deliberations is known. Last night, Lord Lyndhurst did not make his appearance in the house, though he ought to have gone on with the Irish municipal bill. This was out of compliment to the premier and his absence."

N. Y. Journal of Commerce

The *probable* cause of the duel above spoken of is no secret, either here or in London. Rumors of a rather too great intimacy between Lord Melbourne and Mrs. Norton, who is one of the most beautiful women in England, have been rife for the last two or three years. Mr. Norton, however, has always been represented, hitherto, as conveniently blind to the existing state of affairs; and it has been said, even, that his appointment as police magistrate was obtained through the influence of Lord Melbourne, as the reward of his dircreet lack of observation.

Commercial Adv.

We perceive stammering is declared curable by the use of the Deomoglottalyte. We believe it. If any person with an impediment in his speech can prononnce the above word three times running, we will be bound to say he will never want the use of his tongue again. After all, there is no remedy equal to old Thelwall's;—put a hot potato in the patient's mouth, and he'll speak quite plain enongh.

An African pelican, measuring ten feet from tip to tip, and weighing thirty pounds, was shot last week in Chicago. His pouch was capable of holding sixteen quarts.

Sporting Varieties.

THE LAST DAY AT TRENTON.

We gave merely the result of the race at Trenton last Friday and now subjoin a few particulars of one of the most interesting contests this season has afforded

THIRD DAY, Friday, 10th June. Citizens' Purse, $1000 ; $300 of it to go to second horse in last heat. Four Mile Heats.

Mr. Robert Tillotson's ch. h. *Post Boy*, by Henry, out of Garland, 5 yrs old, 1114 lbs	1	1
Mr. Saml. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Rattler, 5 yrs, 114 lbs	2	2
Mr. J. B. Kendall's br. m. *Camsidel*, by Industry, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs old, 111 lbs	3	3
Mr. Lloyd's ch. h. *Arbitrator*, by Orange Boy, dam by Expedition, 6 yrs old, 121 lbs	4	dr.

Time, 1st heat 8:7—2d, 7:59.

Post Boy was never in better condition. His race with *Bascomb* and subsequent *exercise* (for more it was not,) on the Saturday following, made him "fine as silk," and gave him the call at 2 to 1. *Mingo* was not up to the mark, being tucked up in the waist, dispirited and stale. Indeed, though his principal owner was not aware of the fact until after the race, he had been off his feed for a day or two previous. *Camsidel* was looking well and lost no reputation though she could not take a heat.

First heat. They got away in a cluster, Mingo and Post Boy leading alternately though going in hand for the first three miles which were run in 6:20. As they passed the stand on the 4th mile Mingo crept up inside to take the track and then commenced a brush that for severity of pace and show of game has seldom been equalled. Before they reached the 1st quarter Mingo had cleared himself—all but his flank—when Post Boy's fearful stride began to tell and he gradually gained as they came fairly on the back stretch. After an effort he clung to Mingo's saddle girth—by another he reached his throatlatch, and in one more hundred yards the knees of the jockeys were jostling each other. The pace was terrific, and seemed too good to last, though it did, and even improved, as Post Boy overshot the other by half a neck. Keeping up their stride, both came down the 3d quarter at a flight of speed, Post Boy gradually dropping the Jersey game cock. Mingo made one more desperate effort for the heat as they neared the gate, when finding that "doing all he knew" was of no use, he "shut up" and Post Boy came in ahead by several lengths, running the last mile in 1:47.

Mingo's chance for the heat was entirely thrown away by mismanagement.—It is astonishing that his jockey was not ordered to make his run on the last *half* mile instead of being directed to "*take the lead and keep it*,,' as they passed the stand on the 4th. With a single exception nothing can live with Post Boy in a long brush; you may put him up, seemingly, to all he can do, for three miles, but you will find he will increase his stride and maintain it on the 4th, to the finish. In his race last fall with *Bay Maria*, *Black Heath* and *Juliana*, each went at him alternately, but neither could go his pace over two miles, and he could have "beat them into fits" in a brush. Mingo's reputation was so much at stake, as well as his own, that, added to the excitement of the occasion, his trainer, who entered him, is in a measure excusable for the lack of coolness and judgment manifested.

Arbitrator having been drawn lame, the betting was confined to Mingo and Camsidel, for the $300, shillings to pence being offered on Post Boy for the purse. Mingo was the favorite though the terrific brush in the 1st heat was enough to have knocked up any thing but a first rate son of old Eclipse.

Second heat.—Post Boy lead off at an easy pace, Camsidell lying well up, and Mingo trailing. No running was made until the last quarter of the 4th mile, when Mingo set to work and passed the mare in a flash, and collared Post Boy, who was leading her about three lengths. [From Mingo's having ran 3d thus far the odds had veered round, and the mare was backed at odds.] Mingo was so far behind, that Post Boy's rider was thrown off his guard, and nothwithstanding he gave his horse the spur, the winning post was gained before he could get him in motion, so that Mingo lost the heat by *half a neck* only, and the mare by a length.

There can be but one opinion as to the result of this heat, however the race might have terminated. Instead of being at his post to tell Jack where to make his run, Mingo's trainer was out of the way, and it was not until the Boy had arrived at the gate (after trailing 3¾ miles) that he was ordered to go for the heat. Post Boy, taken thus unawares, could not have recovered his stride in two lengths, and had Mingo made his run three seconds sooner, he must have won the heat. Gil. Patrick will learn to keep "on hand," after the fright he must have got on Post Boy : Mingo will be "*a caution*" to him "the longest day he lives." No horse that breathes can lock him in a brush of 200 yards.

We are convinced Post Boy never stood higher in the estimation of his friends, than at this moment. Could he have met Bascomb in as fine condition as he was on this day, the Southern champion would have had to cut off his 4 miles in 7:45 and 7:48, to carry home the Eclipse saddle. If $11,000 to $10,000 be an object, Post Boy will be happy to meet any of his Southern friends in a match, 4 mile heats, on the Union Course, at the Fall Meeting. The way he would make them *ache*, should attend he the different Club Meetings this fall, in Maryland and the Old Dominion, would be a sin to Crockett.

On dit. It is rumored that Bost Boy will be bantered shortly by a scion of Eclipse, to run four matches, for $5000 a side each, of 1, 2, 3, and 4 miles. No doubt his owners will "pocket the affront" with pleasure.

LYNCHBURGH, Va., RACES.

We are indebted to a friend for the annexed report, and regret he has not furnished the dams, age, etc., of the entries.

FIRST DAY, May 17, 1836. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old.—Mile heats; sub. $100.

I. H. Oliver's b f *Mary Lyle*, by Eclipse	3	3	4
P. Buford's b c *Rowley*, by Star	2	4	2
W. S. Haynes' b c *Daniel Star*, by Star	4	1	1
W. W. Hurt's s c *Giles Goslin*, by Eclipse	1	2	3

Time—1st heat, 1:53; 2d heat, 1:59; 3d, 2:2.

SECOND DAY—Proprietor's Purse, $200; Two mile heats.

W. Terry's s h *Red Wasp*, by Shakspeare	3	1	1
D. McDaniel's b h *Wm. Hurt*, by Sir Charles	dist.		
W. S. Haynes' b h *Lorenzo Zavala*, by Medley	2	3	dr.
Wm. Cassell's b m *Lady Gertrude* by Hyazim	1	2	dis.

Time—1st heat, 4:1; 2d heat, 3:58; 3d, 3:58.

SAME DAY.—For a Silver Pitcher. Entrance $50.

John S. Hurt's b f 3 years old, by Sir Charles	1	1
David McDaniel's s f 3 years old, by Marion	2	2

Time—1st heat, 1:57; 2d heat, 1:58.

THIRD DAY—Jockey Club Purse, $550; Three mile heats.

I. H. Oliver's ch h *Morris*, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess, 5 yrs. old, 110 lbs	2	1	1
I. H. Hurt's g h *Patrick Henry*, by Medley	1	dist.*	
David McDaniel's b h *Pioneer*, by Sir Charles	5	2	dis.
Wm. Terry's b h *Watkins Lehigh*, by Shakspeare	3	3	3
W. Cassell's g h *John Bull*, by White's Timoleon	4	4	2

Time—1st heat, 5:53; 2d heat, 5:56; 3d, 5:55.

* In the second heat Patrick Henry broke down in the left fore leg, and it was with much difficulty that he could be got to the stable.

FOURTH DAY—Proprietor's Purse, $200; Two mile heats.

M. Talbot's b m *Mary Clay*	1	1
J. S. Hurt's g m *Columbia Taylor*, by Medley	3	2
W. W. Hurt's b m *Hecla*, by Medley	2	dis.

Time—1st heat, 3:58; 2d heat, 4:4.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—A Colt Stake, for 3 year old colts, one mile and repeat, entrance $50. To this stake there were 4 entries.

I. H. Oliver's ch c *Volney*, by Tonson	1	1
W. S. Haynes' b c *Rowley*, by Star	2	2

Time 1st heat, 1:51; 2d heat, 1:53.

As we entered our office the other morning, one of the coldest we've had, we discovered our devil holding the thermometer within about a foot of a red hot stove. We inquired the reason. Says he, 'I cant work with the thermometer down to *nothing*, and when it gets about the right notch, I mean to go at it strohg.'

Pretty Good.—'What dat you pic up dere, Sambo ?' 'Dollar, Pompey.' 'Well just leff 'em down again. I only put 'em dare to try you.'

ST. LOUIS, Missouri, RACES,

Commenced on the 18th May, and by a great exercise of patience and research, we are enabled to make out something of a report from several statements before us. The weights, age, etc, are omitted. The Club have recently adopted the Va. weights, theirs formerly having been 75 lbs, for 3 year olds, and 114 lbs. each for aged horses.

First Day, May 18, 1836. Purse $300. Three mile heats.

Mr. J. Frosts' ch. h. *Laplander*, by Flagelator, dam by Am. Eclipse, 6 yrs, 118lbs	1	1
Mr. Lane's b. h. *Keokuck*, by Peacemaker	2	2
Mr. Bashford's b. h. *Davy Crockett*, by Bertrand	3	3

Time, 6m. 15s.—6m. 12. Track good.

Second Day, 19th. Purse $200, Two mile heats.

Mr. J. Frost's b. m. *Kitty Cruiser*, by John Richards	1	1
Mr. Lane's b. m. *Mary Ellen*, by Sir Charles	2	2

Time, 4m. 10.—4m. 14s. Track good.

Third Day, 20th. Purse $160, Mile heats.

Messrs. Grimsley and Randolph's b. h. *Triumvir*, 4 yrs old, by Peacemaker, 100lbs,	1	1
Mr. J. Frost's s. h. *Enterprise*, by John Richards, 5 yrs old, 110lbs	2	2
Mr. Lane's bl. m. *Violet*	dist.	
Mr. Mitchell's b. h. *Flying Childers*, 4 yrs old, by Bertrand, 100lbs	3	3

Fourth Day, 21st. Purse $140, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr. Lane's b. h. *Keokuck*, by Peacemaker	1	2	1	1
Dr. Lott's b. m. *Kitty Cruiser*, by John Richards	2	3	3	3
Mr. Bashford's b. h. *Davy Crockett*, by Bertrand	3	1	2	2

Time, 2m. 7s.—2m. 15s.—2m. 9s.—2m. 9s. Track heavy.

ASSOCIATION RACES, LEXINGTON, KY.

The Reporter furnishes us with the annexed account of the Races over the Association Course, remarking that, "in consequence of the great quantity of rain which had fallen in the last two weeks, which continued during all the days of running, the track was in a worse condition than we remember ever to have seen it, and consequently the sport was not as fine as it would otherwise have been. A number of fine colts however made their appearance each day, shewing that there is a laudable spirit prevailing in our state in relation to *blooded stock*."

The Reporter has omitted the weights carried, which we supply. Singularly enough, they are lighter in Kentucky than almost any other State in the Union, with the exception of those adopted by the Oakland Association at Louisville, which are of the Virginia standard. The Keysburg, Franklin, Gallatin, Lexington, and we believe, all the other Clubs allow 3 year olds 80 lbs; 4, 94 lbs; 5, 106 lbs: 6, 114 lbs, and aged, 120 lbs, with 3 lbs to mares and geldings.

FIRST DAY, June 1, 1836. A Sweepstake, for four year olds, $100 ent. Two mile heats.

D. C. Wickliffe's b. f *Maria Louisa*, by Muckle John, dam by Gallatin	1	1
P. Gatewood's b. f *Fidget*, by Trumpator, dam by ——	4	2
Ben. Luckett's b. c. *Chilton*, by Seagull, dam by Wonder	2	3
James Simpson's b. f. *Alexandria*, by Lawrence, dam by Paragon	3	dis.
Fitch and Breckenridge	paid forfeit.	

Time, 1st heat, 4m. 37s.; 2d heat, 4m. 50s. Track very deep.

Second Day.—A Post Stake, for three year olds, Mile heats, $50 ent, P. P.

Davis Thompson's b. c. *Houston*	2	1	1
James Shy's b. c. *Kentuckian*, by Bertrand	1	2	2
E. Warfield's b. c. by Sir Leslie	3	dis.	
Wm. Carroll's b. c. by Bertrand	4	dis.	
Jefferson Scott	paid forfeit.		

Time, 1st heat, 2m. 12s.; 2d, 2m. 8s.; 3d, 2m. 15s. Track very heavy.

Third Day.—A Post Stake, for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, ent. $200, h. f.

Sydney Burbridge's b. f. *Leannah*, by Seagull, dam by Whipster	2	1	1
E. Warfield's b. c. by Shakspeare	1	2	2
Wm. Buford's ch. c. by Dungannon	3	dis.	

Time, 1st heat, 4m. 42s; 2d, 4m. 41s.; 3d, 4m. 47s. Track still very heavy.

Fourth Day.—A Colt Race was won by E. Warfield's nomination.

NASHVILLE, TENN. RACES.

The old Jockey Club having expired by limitation, last Fall, a new one has been formed, and the first regular Club Meeting will be held in October. Our special Southern correspondent furnishes us with the report annexed.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, May 31, 1836. Purse $350, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Gen. J. A. Mabry's gr. f. *Mary Queen of Scots*, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs, 97lbs	1	1	1
Mr. Arden's bl. c. *Van Buren*, by Carolinian, dam by Constitution, 4 yrs, 100 lbs	2	2	dr.
Mr. Jarvis' s. c. by Pacific, 3 yrs, 86lbs	3	dis.	

Time, 1st heat, 2:1½—2d, 2:3. Track very heavy.

The winner was the favorite at odds, and won both heats under a pull. The course was very well attended.

SECOND DAY, June 1. A Sweepstakes, for 3 yrs olds, 86lbs, subscription $100, h. f. Mile heats.

S. Donaldson's b. c. by Crusader, dam by Imp. Strap	1	1
J. A. Shute's gr. f. by Henry, dam by Canstitution	2	dis.
Wm. G. Harding's ch. c. by Crusader, dam by Sir William	3	dis.
A. G. Ward's ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Diomed	pd. ft.	
A. Jackson, jr.'s b. c. by Crusader, dam by Bagdad	pd. ft.	

Time, 1st heat, 2:5—2d, 2:1½. Track still heavy.

No interest was excited as the winner was the favorite at 3 and 4 to 1 and won in a canter.

THIRD DAY, June 2. Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Gen. J. A. Mabry's b. f [query *Lilac*] by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy	1	1
Capt. Newsom's b. c. *Harkaway*, by Merlin, out of Isabella, 5 yrs, 110lbs	2	2
J. Forrest's bl. c. by Carolinian, dam by Constitution	pd. ft.	

Time, 1st heat, 3:58—2d, 3:59. Won easily.

FOURTH DAY, June 23. Match, Mile heats, $500 a side, 75 lbs each.

Maj. Camp's ch. f. by Contention, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs	1	1
Richard Johnson's ch. c. by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 2:5—2d, 1;56. Won with ease.

Same Day. Match, one mile out, for $200.

S. Donaldson's b. c. *Van Buren*, by Pacific, dam by Strap, 2 yrs, 67 lbs	1
Gen. J. A. Mabry's b. f. *Mignonette*, by Leviathan, dam by Printer, 2 yrs, 64 lbs	2

Time, 2:4. A very pretty race for untried colts; won by 2 lengths, the Leviathan filly the favorite.

PEDESTRIANISM.—On Monday last, a race of one hundred and fifty yards was run on the Belle Vue road, Manchester, between James Winterbottom, alias Sparrow, and George Healy, of Hyde, for 20*l*, which was won, after a desperate struggle, by the former by a yard and a half. Sparrrw is matched to run 200 yards against Billy Mucklelevy, on Whit-Monday, for 10*l* a side.

An interesting foot race, for five sovereigns, took place on Monday last, in the Aston-road, Birmingham, between Jack Bullock and Bill careless; the distance a quarter of a mile, which was won cleverly by Bullock, beating his opponent by twenty yards; the distance was done in fifty-eight seconds. Bullock can be backed for 10*l* should Careless or his friends feel any inclination to make a fresh match.

Townsend will be prepared to make a match with Thompson, at Mr. Palmer's, Jolly Miller, Millbank-street, Westminster, on Thursday night, between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock, to walk him 20 miles for 25*l* a side.

Thompson is backed to walk 20 miles in three hours and a half for 50*l*, to come off to-morrow, from Mr. Dulmaine's, of the Mitre Inn, Lower Tooting, Surrey.

Townsend the celebrated pedestrian, has undertaken to walk six miles within an hour, four forward and two backward, and afterwards to pick up 40 stones, at a yard apart, with his mouth, walk one mile, run one mile, walk backward one mile, drive a barrow one mile, and drive a hoop one mile, in an hour. He will start on Tuesday, from the Mitre Inn, Lower Trooting, at 11.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—Considerable excitement prevailed at Littlehampton on Monday, the 6th instant, in consequence of Mr. William Ratlin Arnold, of that place, cordwainer, having undertaken, for a wager of ten sovereigns, to run the distance of six miles in thirty-five minutes—a task which, to the astonishment of all present, he performed in one minute less than the allotted time. The ground selected for the occasion was the jay field, which is, we believe, exactly two miles in circumference.

TOM MOODY.—Some doubts have arisen as to the actual burial place of this celebrated sportsman, who for thirty years whipped in to the late Geo. Forester, Esq., of Willey, Salop—some asserting that his remains lay in Willey Churchyard, and others that they are deposited at Barrow—we avail ourselves of the present opportunity of setting the question at rest. In our ninth volume, we stated, "that the funeral took place on the 20th of November, 1796, at Barrow, near Wenlock, Salop, and the deceased had every honor paid to his memory, having been carried to the grave by a number of old earth-stoppers, and attended by many other sporting friends. At the conclusion of the ceremony (by his own desire) he had three rattling view halloos over his remains." We have been informed that a grave supposed to be Moody's has been recently touched up at Willey.

COCKING.—A main of eleven cocks was fought at the Stalybridge Pit on Monday last, between Harry Booth and Ben Hunt, which was won by the latter.

To be fought at the New Royal Cock-pit, West-green, Tottenham, on Friday next, a double day's play of cocks, for ten sovereigns a battle, and a hundred the main, between the counties of Sussex and Hertfordshire. The first in-go to commence at one o'clock, and the second at four precisely. To fight in silver—On the following day a Welch main of eight cocks for a grey horse, or two soverigns each. No cock to exceed 4lb. 6oz. Feeders, Shaw for Sussex; Hardwick for Hertfordshire.

GREAT TROTTING MATCH.—On Wednesday, the great feat of trotting two miles in saddle within eight minutes, was accomplished on Mitcham Common. It was a pony that performed this wonderful undertaking, belonging to Mr. Day, the proprietor of some out-and-out good things in the way of cattle. She had been backed to a large amount to carry twelve stone. At four o'clock the backer of time and the proprietor of the horse were at Croydon, and after settting the watches, the start took place from Mr. Warrington's farm, near the barracks, to the Blue Houses, on Mitcham Common. The pony went off well, never broke into a gallop, and won 37 seconds within the given time. Betting 2 to 1 against the performance.

Bell's Life in London.

There have been two elopements and marriages at Gretna-green within this fortnight. Mr. E. S. Gisborne, cousin of the Member for South Derby, with Miss Cursham, of Mansfield; and a manufacturer of Leeds named Skelton, with a lady whose name for the present is a secret.

We perceive, by Mr. Upcott's catologue that Constantine Phipps, an ancestor of Lord O'Mulgrave received the sum of £200 from a bookseller for his Voyage to the North Pole. What a pity Government does not give *his descendants* an increased sum *to go* to that part of the world.

A duel has lately taken place near Tallahassee, between George Ward, Esq. brother of Lieut. Ward, who was shot by Col. Parish, and Col. Allston, Parish's brother-in-law. The parties met with four pistols apiece, at fifty paces, with the privilege of advancing. Ward fired his pistol without advancing, and without hitting his opponent, though the ball passed close to his ear. Allston's two first shots were without effect. Ward's second shot struck Allston on the hip, but a silk handkerchief saved him from injury. The third shots of both parties were likewise ineffectual. Allston's fourth shot, fired at twenty-five paces, hit his adversary in the shoulder, which staggered him; but he recovered and fired again, and inflicted a severe wound on Allston. Both gentlemen were likely to recover.

The Marquis of Waterford—that well known credit to the Peerage—has been in durance vile at Bow street! The Morning Post, of Tuesday, relates the following as having occured on the previous day :

"Two gentlemen, who gave their names Peter Simpkins and Charles Jenkins, were charged with being found drunk and disorderly, and incapable of taking care of themselves in White Hart street, Drury Lane, at half-past five o'clock that morning. Mr. Peter Simpkins, on being put to the bar was recognized as the Marquis of Waterford, the noble Marquis having been in similar scrapes before. Police constable Lewis Curd stated, that he saw the defendants at the time stated in White Hart street, very drunk, and surrounded by a whole gang of thieves and women, the evident intention of whom was to rob them. They were incapable of taking care of themselves; and he conveyed them to the Station house, where they were searched, for their own security; and upon the Marquis of Waterford the officers found £59 11s. 9d. in Bank-notes, gold and silver, and upon the other gentlemen property to a considerable amount. The defendants had nothing to say; and were discharged on payment of the usual fine for being drunk; and their property was of course restored to them."

"*Six Slim Slick Saplings.*"—The Bangor Commercial says, it is gravely asserted by some folks that there is no Yankee in the land that can, upon the first trial, of a cold frosty morning pronounce these words in quick succession, without making a blunder—'Six Slim Slick Saplings.'—We think it would puzzle some of our slippery-tongued Buckeyes. We advise them to try it.—*Cin. Rep.*

THEATRE ROYAL, MONTREAL.

MR. WARD, formerly of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and Haymarket and Olympic Theatres, London, begs to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen, and public in general of Montreal, that in consequence of Mr. DINMORE's duties at the Chesnut-Street Theatre, Philadelphia preventing his attendance in Canada during the summer, the Theatre will be opened for a short season, under Mr. Ward's sole management,

ON MONDAY, 27th JUNE,

With an efficient Company; and during the season he will have the honor to present

Mr. John Reeve; Mr. and Mrs. Ternan,

(*Late Miss Fanny Jarman.*)

MDLLE. CELESTE,

HERR CLINE, ... | . . . . MR. ABBOTT,

And other Celebrated and attractive Performers.

The Stock Company will be such as to merit and ensure the approbation of an enlightened public; and neither cost nor trouble will be spared to render the Establishment worthy of support.

june 11 2w

THEATRE ROYAL, QUEBEC.

THE LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND PUBLIC IN GENERAL OF QUEBEC, are respectfully informed that the lease of the Theatre having been transferred by Mr. Logan to Mr. Ward, he proposes opening that Establishment on or about the 11th July, with an efficient Company, and during the season he will have the honor to present

MR. AND MRS. TERNAN,

[LATE MISS FANNY JARMAN].

MDLLE. CELESTE, ... | . . . . MR. JOHN REEVE,

HERR CLINE, ... | . . . . MR. ABBOTT,

And other Celebrated and attractive Performers.

Every effort will be strained to render the arrangements complete, and Mr. Ward confidently depends upon the patronage and support of an enlightened and liberal public.

MOBILE AND ST. LOUIS THEATRES.

N. M. LUDLOW, (of the firm of Smith & Ludlow, Managers of the above named establishments,) will be in New York and Philadelphia, the latter part of May, when he will be ready to receive propositions from such persons as may wish to engage for one year.

The Evening Star will please copy daily, inside, until forbid.

BELMONT HOUSE. NEW-BRIGHTON.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the Hotel at New Brighton, Staten Island, is now open for the reception of company. Every effort has been made in arranging the Establishment, to render it a place of rural and agreeable resort. A large Bathing Establishment will be ready by the first of July; and the walks and rides in the neighbourhood are proverbially beautiful. The Steamboat arrangements give it advantages over many other Establishments in the vicinity of New-York. Gentleman desirous of being in the City, can arrive at their places of business as early as they would from the uppermost part of the City. The hours of meals will be made so as to suit the wishes of all. Dinner will not be announced until the Boat which leaves New-York at 3 o'clock, has arrived.

The house will be under the charge of Mr. James Meara, who is favourably known to the friends and visitors of the American Hotel in New York. The Wines and Liquors have been selected from the cellars of the Hotel, and will be found of the choicest quality.

EDWARD MILFORD, *Proprietor American Hotel, New-York.*

New York, June 4th, 1836.

☞ The Steamboats Water-Witch and Cinderella leave pier No 1, North River, at 7, 9, 12 3 5 and 7, for New-Brighton. J. 11—4w.

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

SUPERIOR TONED FLUTES, &c.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON.—The attention of amateurs and artists of Music is respectfully invited to an inspection of a valuable assortment of Flutes and Clarionets recently received from the manufacturer, among which are several of the celebrated Taylor Flutes.

The simple construction, the durability and elegance of the Taylor Flute render them worthy the attention of every performer on that instrument. They are manufactured of the best seasoned cocoawood, with eight or nine silver keys with double springs; silver bands, with or without the ivory joint.

The superior construction of the keys stands unrivalled; they stop with the greatest accuracy, make no rattling noise, and are not liable to get out of order. The great fault of incorrect intonation in Flutes is well known. By close application and great care, the imperfection has been remedied in the Taylor Flutes. These will be found extremely easy to blow, and posess a superior and peculiar sweetness of tone.

Each of the above Flutes are examined by Mr. P. H. Taylor, professor of the instrument, and none are genuine unless marked "P. H. Taylor, Approved," accompanied by his certificate.

Also—Flutes and Clarionets of every pattern and number of keys, both silver and brass.

Every instrument is warranted, and can be returned if found imperfect.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON,
201 Broadway, near St. Paul's.

may 14

THE IMPORTED HORSE SIR RICHARD,

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J. at $50 the season; $75 to insure.

O. BAILEY.

Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 26.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,	J. P. Dean.		

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner sof such goods, freight, baggage &c.

HORICULTURE.

THE subscriber respectfully invites the Ladies and Gentlemen, Amateurs, Florist, &c. to his splendid collection of *new Flowering plants*, viz. *Geraniums, Rhododendons Agaleas, Calceolaris, Cactuses, &c.* He has now in splendid bloom at his Garden and Greenhouse, corner of Willoughby & Jay st. near the Military Garden, Brooklyn, L. I.

RUSSELL.
Florist, and Landscape Gardener, from London.

may 21-3t.

SACKETT & BRANCH,
PRINTERS.